



G. F. Gache sculp.

E Cornubi apud Leon. Augustini Gemmas.

*To His Grace
of Chandos
is humbly*



*The Duke
This BUST
Inscribed*



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THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
VIRGIL'S
ÆNEID.

In FOUR CANTOS, with NOTES.



Gravelot inv. et delin.

Tom. Sault sculp.

Printed by J. Hughs, for the AUTHOR.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST



To the Right Honourable
The Lord *PETRE*.

My LORD,



MINENCE of Quality
draws some Inconveniencies
on its Owners, which they
can no more throw off, than
Persons of a lower Rank can
their Misfortunes. To be
Virtuous, to be Wise, or to excell in any other
Kind, is as dangerous to a Great Man, as it is
a to

to a Lady to be distinguish'd for her exalted Beauty. Both are sure to be persecuted in their Turns; and the One will as certainly hear of his Accomplishments, as the Other of her Charms; tho' Either, perhaps, would willingly decline the Compliment.

This Case, My LORD, seems to lay a Nobleman under an involuntary Necessity; but there is Another, in which his Virtues consent to make him necessary to his own Trouble. The Application of This to Your LORDSHIP is very easy: That great Candour and Benevolence of Heart, with which You indulged me in so unlimited a Power of using Your Name to my Service, of course made Way for the Ambition, which I had of throwing this little Work at Your Feet. And I look upon it to be my particular Happiness, that I am in some Measure allow'd to make this publick Address. So general an Esteem and Respect is attach'd to Your LORDSHIP's Person and Character from all Degrees of Men, that, I flatter myself, the following Performance will meet with a candid Reception from the World, as it has the good Fortune to shelter itself under Your Patronage and Protection.

I am

I am sensible, it would be no ways agreeable to You, My LORD, that I should enter, in this Place, into a long Detail of the many and great Endowments, that are so eminently conspicuous in Your LORDSHIP; and which naturally result from a fine Understanding, improved by the Advantages of a noble Education.

But there is One Part of Your LORDSHIP's Character I must beg Leave to be indulged in mentioning, as it does so particular an Honour to that FACULTY, of which I am an unworthy Member: I mean, the Progress which You have made in the no less curious, than useful, Science of BOTANY: in which it is generally esteem'd a Point past all Contest, that Your LORDSHIP has not many Equals. You stand an illustrious Proof, My LORD, that a Nobleman need not be ashamed of being a Philosopher; or of employing some Portion of Life in the Cultivating of Nature. From that noble Thirst after the Philosophy of PLANTS, we may see contrived and furnished those spacious GREENHOUSES, in Your Gardens at INGATESTONE, and THORNDON:

Where the CONNOISSEURS may imagine themselves in the Heart of AMERICA, and see the Product of that Climate grow, and arrive very near to its native Perfection. From the same Fountain springs that distinguish'd Generosity in Your LORDSHIP, in Conjunction with some other Noblemen that think with You, of bestowing an annual Stipend on a Gentleman, well-skill'd in the Science, to enable him to bring it still to a greater Perfection, by his indefatigable Industry and Researches in the INDIES : So that the ROYAL SOCIETY will not more boast of Your LORDSHIP's Fellowship in their Body, than of those curious Communications, with which You will enrich their Enquiries.

The Mention of Your LORDSHIP's GREEN-HOUSES naturally puts me in Mind of Your extensive Taste, and, indeed, great Science in GARDENING and ARCHITECTURE. There cannot be produced stronger Instances of Your Skill either in the One or the Other, than those accurate PLANS drawn by Your own Hand. That of Your House, when finish'd, as the Other of Your Gardens, will demonstrate as well the
grand

DEDICATION.

v

grand Ideas Your LORDSHIP has in forming, as Your noble Powers and Greatness of Soul in executing, such DESIGNS. I may pride myself in an Advantage, which all Dedicators cannot boast of, with regard to what I have been saying to Your LORDSHIP of Yourself, that it is strictly Truth, and therefore cannot possibly be construed into Flattery.

I may, perhaps, incur the Imputation of Impertinence from Some Censurers, for offering to entertain Your LORDSHIP on a Subject, in which Your Thoughts are so actively employ'd. I would willingly draw an Excuse from this pleasing Delusion of Fancy, that I am walking and conversing with You in the PARADISE of Your own Raising. I scarce ever find my Imagination more satisfactorily indulged, than on the Object of Rural Pleasures. This Enjoyment is finely heighten'd within Your LORDSHIP's own Limits: Nature dwells with You; but She wears an Attire suiting Your Companion. Simplicity and Art, the Rural and Magnificent, are blended in Your DESIGNS; yet so, that the Elegance of Contrivance seems to out-do the Cost, however liberally bestowed on every Part. What OVID said of VULCAN'S

CAN'S PALACE of the SUN may truly be applied to Your LORDSHIP'S PLANS and STRUCTURES: *Materiam superabat Opus*: The richest Materials cannot come up to the Elegance of Disposition.

But I am interrupting Moments, that would be more importantly employ'd. I'll endeavour to make Amends for the Trespas by One pious Wish, that Your LORDSHIP may continue an Ornament to Your Country to a good Old Age; and may see a noble Race of Your own Cultivation, who, by copying out their ANCESTOR, may transmit Your Virtues to Posterity;

Et Nati Natorum, & Qui nascentur ab Illis.

I cannot better express the Respect of my Heart; however ambitious I shall at all times be of approving myself,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's most faithful,

and most obedient

humble Servant,

JOHN THEOBALD.

The P R E F A C E.

WHEN first I began this Attempt upon VIRGIL, it was design'd a private Amusement to myself, and an Unbending from graver Studies : But communicating some Parts occasionally to Friends as I went on, They gave me such Encouragement, as induced me to proceed in the Version, and endeavour to turn it to Account. Very little Importunity served to make me obey their Request, and, at the same time, comply with my own Inclination. So many Learned Men, and Excellent Poets, having already given the Publick their Translations of our Author, I cannot too early acquit myself from the Suspicion of a vain Self-Opinion, that I could translate any Part of VIRGIL better ; but I thought, upon Comparison, that he might at least be translated closer. I was aware, however, of that signal Caution, which HORACE has left us, against too servile a Version ;

Nec Verbum Verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres :

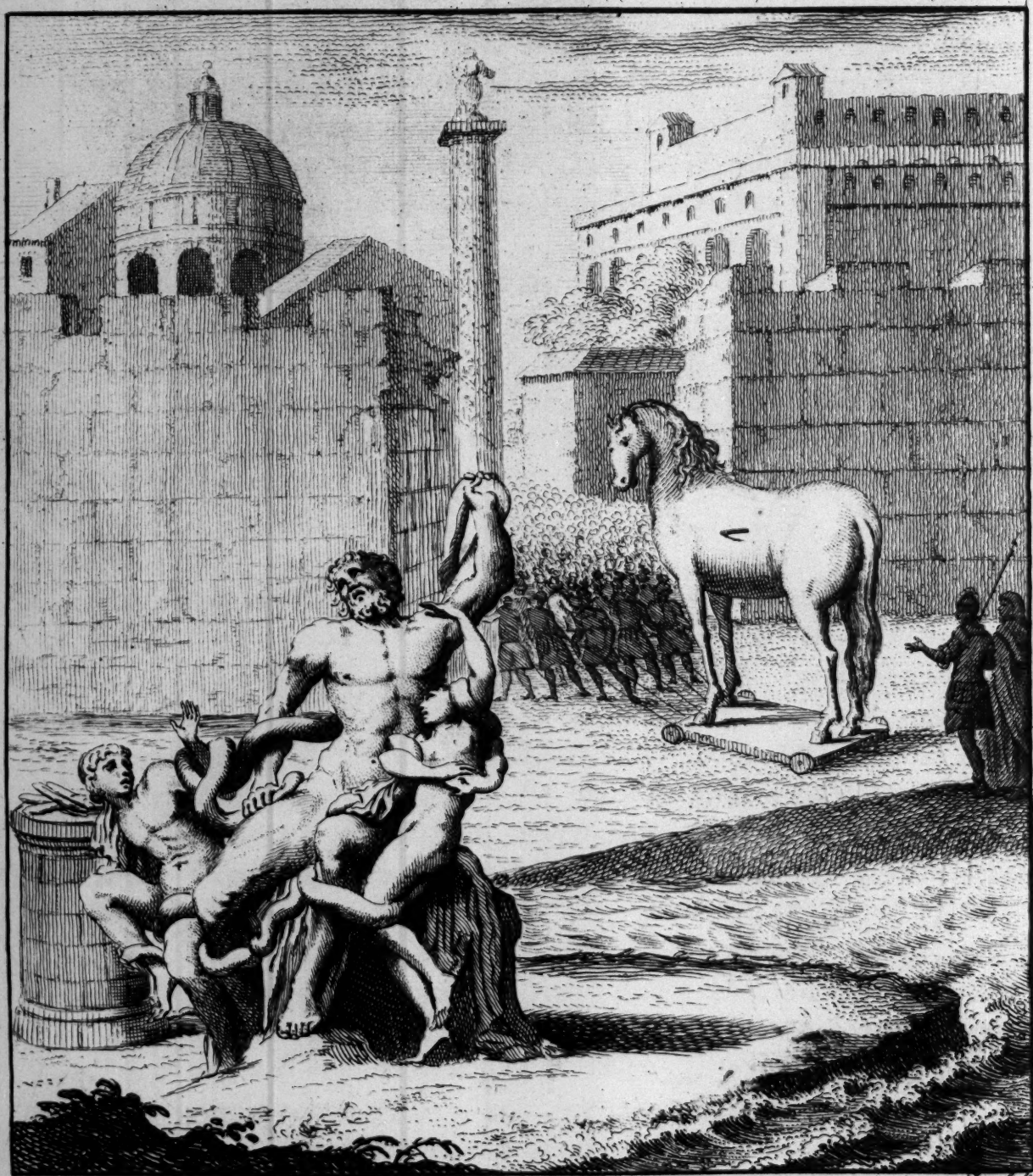
Nor Word for Word too faithfully translate :

Yet I have ventured to be so far literal, as neither to leave out a Circumstance in the Original, to save myself Trouble ; nor to be luxuriant in the Addition of false Graces, to the Injury of my Author. Two Points I have had principally in View ; a Desire to express, as far as I might, the Force of his Epithets ; and to avoid being over florid, or pompous, in such Parts of Narrative, where he has labour'd to preserve the utmost Simplicity. To be upon the high Flight, where the Nature of the Subject in no Kind demands it, seems to me as absurd an Ambition, as that of an ill-judging Dancing-Master, who bounds, and makes his fantastick Caprioles, when the Movement more properly calls for a Graveness and Dignity of Attitude. I premise This, not to praise myself for Propriety ; but to decline a Censure of Carelessness, or Indolence, in such Passages, where the simple and unadorn'd Expression has appear'd to me most natural. It

It may be necessary, perhaps, to apologize for one Thing, which is, that I have not been scrupulous to alter an Hemistich, or even a whole Line, where, now and then, I may casually have fall'n in with the Expression of another Translator. I question not, but I might plead modern Example for this Practice: and could it be call'd Plagiarism, no Man, I fancy, would be fond of wearing stol'n Cloaths, when the Goods might so easily be claim'd by the right Owners. There are some Traits, 'tis well known, in every Idiom, which cannot be transfused into Another, but the Translators must necessarily use the same Words and the same Collocation. And I can ingenuously declare, that wherever such a seeming Imitation has happen'd, I have not properly borrow'd; but form'd my own Version, before I consulted those of my Predecessors.

The Notes, which I have subjoin'd throughout, will not, I hope, be look'd upon to be superfluous. VIRGIL is far from being an obscure Author; but he is One, whose Beauties very frequently require an Explanation. I have endeavour'd to make them as various in their Nature and Matter as I could, for the Entertainment of my Readers; and I may be bold to affirm, that I have given some Observations, which have escaped the Notice of preceding Commentators. As for the Emendations, which are occasionally interspersed, tho' they may not be to the Taste of the MILLION, as SHAKESPEARE calls it; yet, perhaps, they may please those Judges, for whose Sake alone they were thrown in.

I should have enter'd an Apology here, for having given only so small a Part of my Author; but that, so great, and (I must in Modesty add) unmerited has been the Encouragement of my SUBSCRIBERS, I am determin'd and prepared, in Consequence of their Favour, to give the FOURTH BOOK of the ÆNEID in the same Form, and upon the same Plan, with the present Essay. The large and noble List of Names, which will immediately follow this Page, is a convincing Testimony of those Honours, which have been paid to my Applications: and had I no other Motives for this Preface, I am pleas'd with so good an Opportunity, as it furnishes, of making my general, and due Acknowledgments.



To the Right
The Countess
This PLATE

Honourable
of Clancarty
is humbly Inscribed.





THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.
CANTO I.

The ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS, at the Importunity of Dido, relates to Her the Disasters of the last fatal Night in which the Town of Troy was sack'd and fir'd. A Description of the stupendous Wooden Horse, built by the Greeks, which They leave on the Shores of Troy, as an Offering and Attonement to the Goddess Pallas. The Greeks set Sail by Night, pretending to be wearied out with the unsuccessful War; but moor their whole Fleet under the Shelter of Tenedos, an Island adjacent and opposite to Troy. The Trojans debate about the Mystery of this Votive Horse: and Laocoon, the Priest of Neptune, suspecting it some Wile, in Rage whirls his Lance at it. Sinon, a deceitful Greek, skulking artfully with purpose to be discover'd by Trojan Shepherds, is by them manacled and dragg'd before King Priam; whom He deceives with numerous Invectives and Accusations against his Countrymen; and a specious Tale of their being retir'd back to their Homes, by the Admonition of the Gods.

B

ATTENTIVE



ATTENTIVE All in solemn Silence wait,

^a When thus the Hero from his Couch of
State.

^b What you command, O Queen! renews
Distress,

No Tongue can utter, and no Words express.

How GREEKS on TROY their hostile Vengeance fate,
Ransack'd her Treasures, and o'erwhelm'd her State:
That Train of Woes which I my self survey'd,
Of which my self so large a Portion made.

^c What MYRMIDON, what stern DOLOPIAN Breast,
What Warriour with ULYSSES' Hate imprest,
The num'rous Horrors to recount could bear,
Yet from his Eye keep back the pitying Tear?

And

^a *When thus the Hero*] Virgil, as Scaliger has observ'd, frequently gives to Æneas the Style of Father: the most honorary Title affected by the Roman Emperors. Seneca, I remember, gives a very fine Reason for this customary Appellation, (*lib. 1. de Clementiâ*) *Patrem quidem Patriæ appellavimus, ut sciret sibi datam Potestatem, quæ est temperantissima, Liberis consulens, suaq; post illos reponens.* The Fathers of States, like natural Fathers, must have such Regards for the Interests of their Subjects, as always to put them in Preference to their own. And therefore, as this Poem was peculiarly designed a Compliment to the Government of Augustus Cæsar, the Poet would not omit glancing at an Honour, which had already been conferred on Julius Cæsar, from whom Augustus deriv'd the Empire: but which was not bestow'd on the Latter till his thirteenth Consulship, (*U. C. 751.*) seventeen Years after the Death of Virgil. In our Language, Father and Sire, prefix'd to any Proper Name, have not a Pomp of Sound rising to the Dignity of Poetry: for which Reason I have chose to distinguish Æneas by another Characteristic, that of the Hero.

^b *What you command, O Queen!*] Our Countryman Shakespeare, I remember, has twice in his *Titus Andronicus* alluded to this Episode of Æneas relating the Destruction of his Country to Dido.

*Go, bid Æneas tell the Tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable.*

And afterwards,

*—as erst our Ancestor,
When with his solemn Tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending Ear,
The Story of that baleful burning Night,
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd King Priam's Troy.*

^c *What Myrmidon*] The Poet seems with great Judgment here to have cull'd out the most inveterate Enemies of Troy, and those the least liable to pity her Distresses: the *Myrmidons*, Subjects of Achilles, who was fated to this War, and without whom Ilium could not have been taken; the *Dolopians*, Subjects of Phœnix, to whom Achilles had been a Pupil from his Infancy, and who consequently was interested in his Glory; and the Troops of Ulysses, who would have declin'd

And now from Heav'n swift flies the dewy Night,
And fading Stars to soft Repose invite.

But if You burn with such Desire, to know
In brief our TROY's expiring Pangs of Woe,
d Tho' my Mind shudders, and with Grief recoils,
Hear the dread Abstract of our latest Toils.

The GRECIAN Chiefs, Year rolling after Year,
Repuls'd by Fate, and harrafs'd with the War,
e Build a vast Horse, so sacred PALLAS taught,
And to a Mountain's Bulk the Fabrick wrought.
The big Machine is rear'd by Skill divine,
And its bow'd Sides with Ribs of Firr they line.

A vo-

clin'd this War, had not *Palamedes* discover'd his Fallacy; and who, being compell'd to go against his Will, prov'd a most strenuous and destructive Adversary.

d *Tho' my Mind shudders,*] *Fulv. Ursinus*, who has taken great Pains to point out the Passages, which *Virgil* has copied or imitated from the Antients, has traced no Imitation in this Passage. To me, I own, it seems evident that our Poet had *Æschylus* in view, where *Io* replies to *Prometheus*, who is enquiring into the Detail of her Afflictions;

καίτοι κ' λέγεις ὀδυρόμεναι, &c.

Tho' Sorrow wrings me, whilst I tell my Tale.

'Tis certain, however, the Sentiment in itself is so trite, and so exactly in Nature, that *Virgil* might use it, without the Aid of any Predecessor; as a thousand succeeding Authors may have done, without being obliged to *Virgil* for it.

e *Build a vast Horse*] There is scarce a Subject that has more employ'd the Disquisition of Commentators, than Enquiries into the Quality and Fabrick of the *Trojan Horse*. *Pausanias*, *Hyginus*, *Vitruvius*, and many others, have concurred in supposing it a military Engine to batter down the Walls of the Town. Some have conjectur'd, that the Statue of a Horse was over that Gate, thro' which *Antenor* treacherously admitted the *Grecian Forces* into *Troy*. Some, that there

was a Mountain, call'd *Hippius*, behind which the Enemy lay in Ambush, and from thence surpriz'd and routed the *Trojan Army*. Some, again, would have it signify no more than this, that the *Trojans* were defeated entirely by the *Grecian Cavalry*: And Many support the common Opinion, that it was actually a huge Machine, built in the Figure of a Horse, with Cavities to receive a Number of latent Enemies. *Homer*, 'tis plain, took it literally in this Sense;

ἵππῳ ἐνὶ ξυστῇ, ἐνὶ στήθεσσι πάντες ἄριστοι Ἀργείων.

The well-carv'd Horse, in which all the best of our Argives were seated. I would observe, that *Homer* saying πάντες ἄριστοι, might give our Poet the Foundation for making his Horse of so enormous a Size. *Isaac Tzetzes*, who, in his Commentary to *Lycophron*, has touch'd upon the Number of *Greeks* who went into this stupendous Machine, tells us, according to some, they were fifty; according to others, three thousand; but in his Opinion, they were three and twenty. There must have been some Mistake, I think, in the unreasonable Diversity of these Numbers. There was no Occasion to frame a Horse as big as a Mountain to hold twenty-three Men; nor would it have been a sufficient Number to support the design'd Assault. But the Question is not worth any Debate. Let us rather see, how the ingenious

A votive Gift 'tis rumour'd, to obtain
 Their prosp'rous Passage back to GREECE again.
 Hither the chosen, Lot-appointed Bloom,
 The Flow'r of all their num'rous Armies come;
 Into its dark, capacious Caverns steal,
 ' And the deep Womb with Arms and Warriours fill.

In Sight of TROY there lies, well known to Fame,
 An ancient Isle, and TENEDOS its Name:
 Renown'd for Wealth, while PRIAM bore the Sway;
 Now a waste Harbour, and a faithless Bay.
 Hither retir'd, the GRECIAN Vessels moor;
 Conceal'd beneath the unfrequented Shore.
 We to MYCENÆ fondly deem'd Them borne;
 And long-lamenting TROY forgets to mourn.

Our

Monsieur de Segrain has replied to the Objections started against this Tradition of the Trojan Horse in general. All Rules of Probability, say the Objectors, are transgressed in the building such an unfizable Machine; and it is at best but a ridiculous Fiction. Besides, a Number of Warriours of the first Rank submitting to be shut up in its Belly, is an Enterprize of too much Hardiness and Resolution to meet with Credit. To the first Part objected, *Segrain* replies, He sees nothing more extraordinary in the Bulk of such an Engine, than in That of a Ship of Burthen: Nor was its Weight and Cumbersomness any Objection, considering it is suppos'd to slide on Wheels; and the Trojans might employ as many Horses and Men, as they found requisite to drag it up into their City. To the second Point, he says, that all Ages have furnish'd Examples of Men hardy and resolute enough to undertake Enterprizes of equal Peril; and instances particularly, when the *Hollanders* retook *Breda* from the *Spaniards*, about forty Soldiers ventured to stow themselves in a Boat seemingly loaden with Turfs,

underwent those Scrutinies which are generally made at Ports for the Detection of Contraband Goods; and having the good Luck to be undiscover'd, found Means of landing, and surprizing the Citadel for the *Dutch*. The principal Objection then seems to be, that the Trojans should be gross enough to receive this enormous Engine with so implicate a Credulity. But how finely has the Poet contriv'd Matters, to make This plausible and necessary! The Circumstances of the Story, the Motives, the Artifice of treacherous *Sinon*, the Disaster on *Laocoon*, suppos'd to be derived from the Resentment of *Minerva*, could not fail of having their Effect on the Spirits of a superstitious People: Nor, upon the Supposition of their System of Gods, and their Religion, is there any thing impossible in the Trojans swallowing the Fallacy. So that to contest the Probability of this Event, or to laugh at the Credulity of the People, is at once throwing down all their Religion, and robbing them of the Faith they had in the Power of their Deities.

And the deep Womb] I have chosen to use a Term

Our Gates are open'd, and in Crouds we go
 To view the Posts abandon'd by the Foe:
 The DORIC Camp, and desert Strand survey;
 Here fierce DOLOPIANS, there ACHILLES, lay;
 Here rode their Fleet, in Line extending far;
 There mix'd the Armies in the Tugg of War.
 Part on the Martial Maid's dire Off'ring gaze,
 And view its Bulk enormous with Amaze.
 THYMOETES first (whether by Guile design'd,
 Or so the Fates, adverse to TROY, combin'd)
 Counsels, the Pile, within our Walls up-heav'd,
 Be in MINERVA's hallow'd Dome receiv'd.

But CAPYS, and the Chiefs of sounder Brain,
 Would plunge this GREEKISH Ambush in the Main;
 Will us to burn the treach'rous Gift, or bore
 Its concave Womb, and each Recess explore.

The

Term here, correspondent to the Term and Idea so often repeated by our Author on this Occasion, *Uterus*; as he afterwards calls this Engine, *Machina facta Armis*. The Horse is every where spoken of in the Masculine Gender; notwithstanding which, *Virgil* applies to it a Word, which, as *Servius* observes, is properly applicable to Things of the Feminine. But the Poet chose so to do, as the same Commentator would tell us, because the Greek Tragedian had employ'd the same Metaphor with relation to this Horse. *Sanè & in Tragediâ de hoc Equo * ἐνέχυμονα legitur, hinc ergo hic uterum dixit.* Poor *Servius*! What Editors has He met with, to obtrude a Word upon him more monstrous than the Machine he is talking of! A single Greek Word occurs, and That is marked with an Asterisk, to bespeak the Corruption

desperate. Without too great Sagacity of Conjecture, I'll venture to affirm, that *Servius* wrote ἐνέχυμονα, i. e. *Uterum ferentem*. And that my Emendation may be the less liable to be disputed, I think I can produce the Passage of the Greek Tragedian, which is alluded to by the Commentator. Vid. *Euripidis Troadas*, v. 10.

μηχανᾷσι Παλλᾶδος
 Ἐνέχυμον ἵππον τευχίων ξυαρμύσας.

We cannot doubt but *Virgil* had this very Passage in his Eye, tho' *Fulvius Ursinus* makes no Mention of it, since he has translated μηχανᾷσι Παλλᾶδος, *divinâ Palladis arte*; and Ἐνέχυμον ἵππον τευχίων, *Machina facta armis*.

The giddy Populace divided jarr,
 And, unresolving, in Opinions war.
 LAOCOON here, back'd with a num'rous Train,
 Rush'd foremost from the Citadel amain;
 And from a-far---What desp'rate Frenzy blinds,
 O wretched Countrymen! your cheated Minds?
 Can you believe, the Foe is flunk away?
 Can GRECIANS leave us Gifts, and not betray?
 And have they then so little Treach'ry shewn?
 And are ULYSSES' Arts no better known?
 With latent ARGIVES or those Planks are fill'd,
 Or this Machine, this monstrous Horse, they build,
 Our Walls to batter, or o'erlook our Town;
 And from above to hurl Destruction down:
 Or some dire Fraud there lurks, some subtle Wile:
 Ye SONS of TROY! Trust not the specious Pile.
 § Whate'er it be, suspicious of the Snare,
 The GREEKS I still, ev'n in their Bounty, fear.

He

§ *Whate'er it be*] The Original is, *Timeo Danaos & dona ferentes*. None of the Commentators have taken any Notice of the particular Force *et* seems to have in this Place. It is not a meer Copulative, but equivalent to *quavis, tametsi, & καὶ*. I distrust the *Greeks*, tho' they seem liberal to us. It has been a noted Observation, that all rash and sudden Liberality is to be suspected; but when it comes from a Foe, we should be most on our Guard against the Consequences.

*Namque ista subita me jubet Benignitas
 Vigilare, facias nē meā culpā lucrum,*

as *Phædrus* elegantly expresses it. Perhaps, our Poet had *Homer* in View, and his *Achilles's* Re-

flexion upon the Presents, which *Agamemnon* offers to procure his Reconciliation.

Ἐχθρὸν δὲ μοι ᾧ δῶκε, &c. II. i. 378.

I hate the Man, and look upon his Gifts to be insidious. The whole Thought is not express'd, but the Inference naturally arises from the Sentiment. *Fulvius Ursinus* seems to have forgot this Passage. He thinks, *Virgil* had in his Eye what *Sophocles* makes his *Ajax* say:

Ἐχθρῶν ἀδωκε δῶκε, καὶ ὀνήσιμα.

'Tis true, *Ajax* kill'd himself with the Sword which was given him by *Hector*; and *Hector* was dragg'd round the Walls of *Troy* by the Belt which had

He said, and whirls his Spear, with mighty Force;
 Against the Sides and Belly of the Horse:
 All quiv'ring stood the Lance; and, wide around,
 The hollow Caverns send a grumbling Sound.
 And had the DARDAN Destinies been kind;
 Or had not curst Distractions made us blind;
 So counsel'd, We the groaning Womb had bor'd,
 And all th'ARGOLIC Frauds at once explor'd.
 Then, TROY! had'st Thou still stood in Glory high,
 And PRIAM'S Tow'rs still brav'd the kindred Sky.

^h Mean while a Youth our TROJAN Shepherds bring
 With clam'rous Shouts, and drag before the King.
 Behind his Back his vassal Arms are bound,
 A willing Slave, on settled Purpose found;
 Unknown, who fought the voluntary Chain,
 To open TROY, as GREECE had laid the Train.

Resolv'd

had been given him by *Ajax*. These are reciprocal Instances of the Fatality of hostile Liberality; but accidentally so, and explain'd superstitiously. For *Hector* and *Ajax*, tho' Opposites in War, were allied in Blood; and their Presents to one another were made with the highest Deference and good Will on each side.

^h *Mean while a Youth*] As I design'd these Notes more for the Entertainment of my Readers, than I dare pretend them to be for their Instruction, I cannot resist an Opportunity of copying that fine Picture, which *Shakespeare* has left us of *Sinon* and his Behaviour. It is in a Poem of his, call'd, *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*. The disconsolate Lady, after the Injury of her Rape, is suppos'd to fix her Eyes on a Painting, in which the Destruction of

Troy is represented; and, amongst other Figures, she sees That of the dissembling *Sinon*.

*She throws her Eyes about the painted Round,
 And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament;
 At last she sees a wretched Image bound,
 That piteous Looks to Phrygian Shepherds lent;
 His Face, tho' full of Cares, yet shew'd Content.
 Onward to Troy with these blunt Swains he goes,
 So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his Woes.*

*In him the Painter labour'd with his Skill
 To hide Deceit, and give the harmless Show;
 A humble Gait, calm Looks, Eyes wailing still,
 A Brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome Woe;
 Cheeks, neither red, nor pale; but mingled so,
 That blushing Red no guilty Instance gave,
 Nor ashy Pale the Fear that false Hearts have.*

Resolv'd of Soul, prepar'd in either State,
 Or to betray, or meet his certain Fate.
 Eager to gaze, and fond t'insult a Foe,
 Our TROJAN Youth from ev'ry Quarter flow.
 Now judge of GREECE, and their insidious Art,
 And learn a Nation from one guileful Heart.
 For as amidst the circling Croud he stands,
 Confus'd, unarm'd, and eyes the PHRYGIAN Bands,
 Alas! what Land, he cry'd, what friendly Sea,
 What Shelter now is left to wretched Me!
 Exil'd from GREECE, and, what's a harder Fate,
 Assur'd a Victim to the DARDAN Hate.

Mov'd at his Groans, and soften'd, now, we stop
 At once all Insult, and all Fury drop;
 Press him his Errand, and his Birth, to shew,
ⁱ Mindful, what Trust is in a Captive Foe.

Dismissing then all Dread of hostile Force,
 He thus resumes his seeming-fair Discourse.
 All Things, O King! (whate'er I might conceal)
 Will I, without Reserve, with Truth reveal.

Nor,

ⁱ *Mindful, what Trust is in a Captive Foe.*] I have given this Passage a Turn, which, I hope, includes the Author's Meaning. I think, the Sentence has two distinct Branches; and therefore I would venture at a small Alteration in the Pointing of the Original, tho' the Editions in general give no Hint for such a Change. My Conjecture is, that *Virgil* intended it thus:

-----hortamur fari, quò sanguine cretus,
 Quidve ferat; memoret, quæ sit fiducia capto.

“ They encourage him to declare, Who he is, and What he can discover; and at the same Time caution him to think, what Confidence They are to put in the Discoveries of a Captive; or, what Assurances he is to build of finding Mercy, from the Truth and Integrity of his Confessions.” *Servius*, I am sure, in one of his Comments expressly countenances such a Construction. *Aut certè memoret est meminere: ut significet, meminerit per veriloquium vitæ esse fiduciam.*

Nor, that I issue from ARGOLIC Race

^k Dare I deny : That Truth must first take place.

^l Nor unjust Fortune, tho' she sink me low,
Shall add the Lyar's Guilt to SINON's Woe.

If, BELUS' Heir, great PALAMEDES' Name
Perchance has reach'd you from the Bruit of Fame ;
A Prince, who, branded with fictitious Crimes,
Felt a strange Sentence from injurious Times ;
Whom, urg'd t' approve the War, but urg'd in vain,
The GRECIANS slew, and now deplore him slain :
To Him my Sire, depress'd in Fortune's State,
Sent me in Arms to share one common Fate,
Allied in Blood, ^m his Partner in the Field,
When GREECE began the vengeful Sword to wield.

ⁿ Whilst,

^k *Dare I deny :*] *Monsieur de Segrais* has made a very just Remark on this Harangue of *Sinon*. If we will observe it, says he, and the Artifice, with which it is conducted, we shall without Doubt allow it to be one of our Poet's Master-pieces ; as well as the strongest Proof imaginable of the Force of Eloquence. All, that *Sinon* says of *Palamedes*, is true ; All, that he says of himself, false and fictitious : And the Fiction, blended thus with the Truth, establishes that Probability, which the Poet required, as a Ground-work for the Credulity of the *Trojans*. The Manner, in which *Palamedes* was taken off through a Stratagem of *Ulysses*, was a Fact very well known : but the Colour, for his being so taken off, was not so well known ; especially to the *Trojan* Party. *Sinon* therefore, with the utmost Art and Dissimulation, to secure the Attention and Belief of his Hearers, pretends that *Palamedes* was murther'd, because he had dissuaded the *Greeks* from commencing the War against *Troy*.

^l *Nor unjust Fortune,*] This Sentiment, as *Ma-*

crobius formerly observ'd, and *Fulvius Ursinus* since, seems to be shadow'd from the *Telephus* of the old Tragedian, *Attius*.

— *Nam si à me Regnum Fortuna atq; Opes
Eripere quivit, at Virtutem non quivit.*

*Fortune, tho' She could rob me of my Wealth,
And Kingdom, of my Virtue cannot rob me.*

^m — his Partner in the Field,]
When Greece began the vengeful Sword to wield.] There is an Obscurity in one Part of this Passage in the Original, *primis huc misit ab annis*, which has led the Commentators into some Uncertainty. *Servius*, particularly, seems at a Loss ; and would expound it two Ways : *aut Adolescentiæ, aut Belli* : " That *Sinon* came to *Troy*, either in his earliest Youth, or at the earliest Period of the " War." Most of the Translators, not to except the great Mr. *Dryden* himself, have espous'd the first Construction.

Me, yet a Boy, &c.

C

Monsieur

" Whilst, high in Pow'r, in Honours undecay'd,
'Midst Fellow Kings his regal Counfels fway'd,
Ev'n I too flourish'd in some Share of Fame,
And spread the rising Lustre of my Name.

° But

Monsieur de Segrais too, the learned *French* Translator, has fallen into the same Interpretation :

*Des mes plus tendres Ans je suivis sa Fortune,
Que la Guerre & la Paix me rendirent commune.*

But This carries an Inadvertence in it, which clashes with the Context in a subsequent Passage. If *Sinon* went to the Wars so young as they imagine, with what Probability can he lament that he shall never return home to his dear Children ?

*Nec mihi jam patriam antiquam spes ulla videndi,
Nec dulces natos, &c.*

Virgil could not be guilty of so flagrant a Contradiction ; nor could he, I think, purposely design that *Sinon*, as a Lyar, should not make his Story hang well together. For That must necessarily have given the *Trojans* Umbrage to suspect his whole Narrative. But This could not be the Poet's Intention neither : for, on the contrary, he makes every Circumstance concur to stamp a Credit on What *Sinon* says ; and to help on their being deceived by their implicate Belief of his Tale.

n *Whilst, high in Pow'r, in Honours undecay'd,*] I have here again struck out a Sense from this Passage, which None either of the Commentators, or Translators, who have fallen in my Way, seem once to have dreamt of. They All agree to expound the Text to this Sense, " While *Palamedes* remain'd secure in his Dominions, " and his State flourish'd under his Policy and sage Counfels." From this Interpretation they must have read the Text thus :

*Dum stabat regno incolumis, regnūque vigeat
Conciliis :*

But many Copies concur in this signal Variation, *Regūq;* and *Conciliis* ; which gave me the first Hint for the Version I have given : and, with Submission, I think, the other Reading is far from being countenanc'd by the Context. I must subjoin my Reasons for this Assertion ; and, if they have their due Weight, they will of Course establish my Interpretation of the Poet. In the first Place, Mention is made of *Palamedes* as already gone to the War, and *Sinon* along with

him. After This, if we are to suppose that *Sinon* is speaking of him, as at Home, and governing his Dominions prosperously, then the Words, that follow in the Text, carry a direct Contradiction : — *Et nos aliquod nomēq; Decūsque Gessimus.* For if *Sinon* says This of himself and Father, it seems false in Fact : his Father was so low in Circumstances, that, out of Necessity, he sent his Son to make the Campaigne under *Palamedes*. *Pauper in arma Pater misit.* I therefore think, that the Poet meant, *Sinon* should still speak of *Palamedes* as in the *Grecian* Camp ; and infer, that whilst He still was Master of his Dominions, and held a Reputation in the Councils of the other Princes, who went to that War, (*i. e.* before he forfeited both his Kingdom and Life by those Imputations, which were fix'd upon him by the invidious Treachery of *Ulysses* :) I too, says he, had some Name and Renown. For tho' it is in the Original, *Nos aliquod Nomēq; &c.* yet, as *Servius* has observ'd, the plural is used instead of the singular Pronoun, and *Sinon* speaks of himself only ; who could make no Figure at Home thro' the Disadvantages of his Family-Pressures ; and who more probably began his Character by some brave Behaviour before *Troy*. But what if, after all, this supposed Poverty of *Sinon's* Father should be quite groundless ; and that he sent his Son to the Wars, because he was himself of an Age unfit for it ? *Pauper in arma*, if we must believe *Donatus* and *Fabricsius*, signifies, *imbellis ætatis* ; as, in Contrast, *acrem in prælia* Turnum, denotes *Turnus* for a vigorous Warriour. Sure, these Criticks are very apt to overshoot Themselves. The Passage, alluded to, is in the 8th *Æneid*, v. 614.

Aut acrem dubites in prælia poscere Turnum.

I should hardly believe the Grammarian, who would tell me, *Virgil* meant here, Turnum *acrem in prælia* : The Construction of the Words is obvious, and very different : *Aut dubites acrem Turnum poscere in prælia* : " Or that you should " doubt to challenge valiant *Turnus* to the Fight." So then, as to the Poverty of *Sinon's* Father, the Question stands just as it did.

° But since, thro' sly ULYSSES' ranc'rous Spight,
 (Known Truths I tell) ^p He left our upper Light,
 Subdued to Sorrow for an injur'd Friend,
 My Days in darksom Solitude I spend ;
 Dwell on his Wrongs, with Indignation stung,
 Nor, Madman as I was! restrain'd my Tongue :
 But if, by some blest Chance, the Hour should come,
 If I might e'er return in Safety Home,
 Promis'd myself th' Avenger of his Fate,
 And with keen Threats provok'd a dang'rous Hate.

Hence

o But since, thro' sly ULYSSES'] The Epithet in the Original is *pellacis*, a Word used by our Author only in this Passage. *Servius* explains it, *per Blanditias decipientis*. *Pellicere enim est per Blanditias elicere* : or, as *Festus* expounds it, *in fraudem inducere* : and it is equivalent in some Sense to the Greek compound Epithets, *δολομυνης*, *δολοπλόκ* ; i. e. a Person that speaks fair, and has Guile in his Heart. *Lucretius* has twice used the Substantive, *Pellacia* ; and in one of the Passages, at the same time, very well explains it.

*Nec poterat quenquam placidi Pellacia ponti
 Subdola pellicere in fraudem ridentibus undis.*

*No Ships were found, nor could the treach'rous
 Smile
 Of smooth-fac'd Waves tempt One poor Man to toil.*
Mr. Creech.

We don't find that *Ennius*, in the little Portion of his Works which are remaining to us, ever used the Word *Pellax* : but it brings to my Memory two little Fragments out of his Tragedy, call'd, *Medæa*, in which, perhaps, it once had a Place.

*Utinàm nè unquàm, Medæa, de corde cupido
 Colchis pedem extulisses*

*

pecudi dare

Viram marito.

Viram was the ingenious Conjecture of *Scrivenerius* (for the Manuscripts and old Copies had it, *viam* and *vivam*) and it gives a fine *Antithesis* to the

Sentence. But what Sense or Ideas can we form from *pecudi marito* ? If I may be allowed to make a Conjecture or two, which have escap'd the Notice of so many Learned Men, as have tamper'd with this Poet's Remains ; I should in the first Place be tempted to suspect, that these two short Fragments have been by Mistake disjoin'd from Each Other, and are Branches of one and the same Sentence. The Words seem to be spoken by the Nurse of *Medæa*, as in *Euripides*, complaining of her Mistress's Unhappiness in having married *Jason* : and without an unreasonable Licence in Correction, They may be thus restor'd to Sense and Metre.

*Utinàm nè unquàm, Medæa, de corde cupido
 Colchis pedem extulisses, pellaci dare
 Viram marito !*

*Would to the Gods, Medæa, thou had'st ne'er,
 Heart-struck with Love, from Colchos mov'd thy*

Foot,

To be the Wife of a deceitful Husband !

I propose it but as a Conjecture ; yet flatter myself, It is such a One, as is not without Probability.

p ——— He left our upper Light.] *Donatus* has observ'd upon the Poet's Expression, that he has avoided speaking of *Palamedes*, as of a Person dead ; lest he should weaken the Memory of One, who deserved to survive in Men's Thoughts. He therefore uses softening Terms ; and speaks of him rather as of a Traveller, ex-

Hence sprang my Woes ; and hence ULYSSES still
 Sought with new Crimes the Minds of Men to fill ;
 Scar'd me with Plots, ambiguous Rumours spread,
 And levell'd all his Engines at my Head.
 Nor did he rest, till CALCHAS, servile made
 To all the Trains his murth'rous Malice laid,-----
 But why do I recount these Things in vain ?
 Why with ungrateful Tales your Ears detain ?
 ¶ If in one File you all the GRECIANS hold,
 And knowing me a GREEK, enough be told ;
 You should e'er now have shed my forfeit Blood,
 And, in Attonement, drain'd its guilty Flood.
 This would the Hate of ITHACUS suffice :
 This would th' ATRIDÆ buy at any Price.

Now burn our Hearts each Spring and Cause to know,
 Unskill'd in Wiles of the PELASGAN Foe :

When

changing one Country for another. This is a Figure of Speech, called by the *Greeks*, *ἑυφημίσμους*: a superstitious Care of declining all ominous and ill-boding Words: *malè ominatis parcere verbis*, as *Horace* elegantly describes it. I don't find, that Any of the Translators have confin'd Themselves to our Author's Phrase here, ----- *superis concessit ab oris*. Our's is call'd the upper World, and upper Light, with Reference to the Regions under the Earth: and *Virgil*, in other Passages, has chose to allude to this Distinction. *Georg.* IV. v. 486.

Redditq; Eurydice superas veniebat ad Auras.
 And again, *Æneid.* VI. v. 128.

Sed revocare gradum, superasq; evadere ad Auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

Besides, as I suspect, he was fond of inculcating this Distinction, in Support of his own poetical Philosophy. For where he mentions the blis-

ful Parts of the lower World in the same Book, he says, That They have a Sun and Stars peculiar to Themselves: ----- *Solémq; suum, sua Sidera nôrunt*. Our Hemisphere therefore may very properly, with Regard to That Notion, be mark'd by the Appellation of the *upper Light*.

¶ *If in one File, &c.*] The Original is, *Si omnes uno Ordine, &c.* I take *Ordo* here to be a Word in *Tactics* (as *τάξις* among the *Greeks*, when in the military Sense) and that the Poet intended, *Sidon* should deliver himself in the Soldier's Phrase. *Shakespeare*, whom I always quote with Pleasure, employs the same Metaphor in his *Macbeth*; where that Tyrant is addressing himself to a Brace of Murtherers, and characterizing them, by way of Distinction, for a Boldness above the common Catalogue of Men.

Now, if you have a Station in the File,
And not in the worst Rank of Manhood, say it.

When, trembling, he fictitious Fears renews,
And thus his lying Narrative pursues.

Oft did our GREEKS to quit your Shores prepare,
Tir'd with the Labours of so long a War ;
(And would They had !) when Storms as oft detain
Their Barks from vent'ring on the wint'ry Main :
' Then chiefly, when yon Horse was rear'd on high,
Distinguish'd Tempests rattled thro' the Sky.

Wrapt in dark Doubts, to learn the Will divine,
EURYPYLUS we send to PHOEBUS' Shrine.

Charg'd with the weighty Embassy he stands,
And thus pours forth the God's severe Commands.

" With Blood, O GREEKS ! and with a Virgin slain,

" When bound for TROY, you sooth'd the Winds and Main.

" With Blood must you procure a calm Return,

" And a GREEK Victim in Oblation burn.

Th' astonish'd Host of the dread Sounds possess'd,

' Cold Tremblings seiz'd 'em, and Fear shook each Breast ;

Confounded,

r Then chiefly, when yon Horse] Servius with great Accuracy remarks upon the Art of the Poet here, in making *Sinon*, tho' he was expatiating on other Matters, introduce the Mention of the Votive Horse. The Drift of his whole Fiction was, seemingly, to persuade the *Trojans*, that the Gods, and particularly *Minerva*, were incensed against the *Greeks* ; who could not prosecute the War with any Hopes of Success, till they had appeased that Resentment. Upon this Foundation it is, that he builds the Superstructure of his Fal-lacy ; that this Votive Horse was rear'd by the Direction of *Calchas*, as the design'd Expiation ; and that if the *Trojans* rever'd, and possess'd Themselves of this Machine, then it was in the

Fates, that the *Trojans* should in their Turn transport the War into *Europe*, and demolish the Empire of the *Grecians*. By this Art and false Colouring (as *Servius* finely remarks on another Passage) *Sinon* works up the *Trojans* to be sollicitous about the Future ; by warning them against a pretended Danger, makes them believe he is betraying the Secrets of his Countrymen ; and by confirming them in a State of Security, renders them negligent and careless at a Juncture, when they should have been most upon their Guard.

*[Cold Tremblings seiz'd 'em, &c.] Gelidusq;
per ima cucurrit Ossis tremor, says our Poet.
Aristo*

Confounded, where the Danger points, they stand,
 And wonder Whom the Fates and God demand.
 Here ITHACUS, tumultuous, draggs along
 CALCHAS the Seer, and shews him to the Throng;
 With cruel Zeal importunate aspires
 To learn, Whom 'tis the threatn'ing God requires.
 Now Many, whisp'ring with prophetick Skill,
 Expound this dire Artificer of Ill;
 His wicked Purpose, and invidious Ends:
 And inly warn me where his Malice bends.

For twice five Days the cautious Seer denies,
 And shuns to name the destin'd Sacrifice.
 At length, by clam'rous ITHACUS beset,
 He Silence breaks, but with a forg'd Regret.
 Th' instructed Prophet, as he bargain'd, spoke,
 And I'm appointed to the bloody Stroke.
 The Host assents: and all the gen'ral Dread
 Centers alone on my devoted Head.

The horrid Dawn comes on; the Rites they strew,
 The season'd Cakes, and Chaplets for my Brow.

With

Ariosto (in his Vth Canto, Stanz. 40.) has closely copied this Image and Expression.

*Restò smarrito Ariodante a questo,
 E per l' Ossa un Tremor freddo gli scorre.*

*Aggast, confounded, Ariodantes stood;
 Cold Tremors ran thro' all his Bones and Blood.*

The Italian Poet, as has been observed, slips over *Virgil's* elegant Epithet, *ima*, which seems peculiarly expressive. In any violent Fright, a Cold and Shivering pierces to our very Marrow:

and This is What, I apprehend, our Poet intended when he said, ----- *per ima cucurrit Ossa*. The Flame of Love, on the other hand, as he describes it, has the same penetrative Effects. *Æn. IV. v. 66.*

----- *Est mollis Flamma Medullas
 Interea, & tacitum vivit sub pectore Vultus.*

*Soft Flames consume her Vitals, and the Dart
 Deep, deep within, lies fest'ring in her Heart.*

Mr. Pitt.

With timely Speed the Bands, I own, I broke,
 Sprung from the Slaughter, and escap'd the Stroke;
 Lurk'd in an oozy Lake 'midst Reeds by Night,
 Till they should urge (if so they meant) their Flight.
 Nor hope I now to see my native Shore,
 My darling Infants, or lost Father, more:
 Whom They, perhaps, to instant Death decree,
 And wreak on them the Vengeance due to Me.
 But oh! by all th' Immortal Pow'rs above,
 Those Godheads conscious of the Truth they love;
 By all that Faith (if any such we know)
 Which yet remains untainted here below;
 Pity a Wretch, that's bow'd with such Distress;
 A Wretch, whom Woes not merited oppress.

Thus as his Tears, and artful Sorrows flow,
 ' We grant him Life, and soften at his Woe.
 Imperial PRIAM first himself commands
 To loose his Manicles, and wringing Bands.
 Then, friendly, thus; ----- Whoe'er Thou art, no more
 Think on lost GREECE, nor thy hard Fate deplore.

Henceforth

And again, *Æn. VIII. v. 389.*

----- *notusq; Medullas*
Intravit Calor, & labefacta per Ossa cucurrit.

He soon receives the wonted Flame, which flies
Swift thro' his Marrow, and his melting Bones.

Dr. Trapp.

^t *We grant him Life, and soften at his Woe.]*
 A fine Compassion is mov'd here from a com-

mon Object. Tears, flowing from real Misfortunes, have a Force of awaking Pity even in the Bosoms of Enemies. Perhaps, our Poet might be copying his old, venerable Predecessor, *Ennius*.

Cogebant hosteis lacrumanteis, ut miserent.

However This may be, I am sure, the Thought is improv'd upon, and a Grace added to the Numbers.

Henceforth be our's, 'mongst ILIUM'S Sons enroll'd :

" And to these short Demands the Truth unfold.

Why did They this enormous Fabrick frame ?

Who the Projectors ? What the latent Aim ?

Is it a Pile to solemn Vow confin'd,

Or some dread Engine 'gainst our Walls design'd ?

He spoke ; when SINON, vers'd in GRECIAN Lies,
Uplifts his Hands, unfetter'd, to the Skies.

* Thou Pow'r inviolate ! Eternal Flame !

Sacred, says he, to VESTA'S Virgin Name !

You Altars, and ye Daggers, I attest,

That impious Steel, prepar'd to pierce my Breast,

† Ye Wreaths, which I, as Victim, should have worn,

Oh ! be it just to cancel Fealty sworn ;

Break

u And to these short Demands the Truth unfold.]
Servius remarks, that *Priam* here maintains the regal Dignity in the Conciseness of his Questions : for Princes, says he, are used to make all their Demands short and close ; whereas Persons of inferior Rank are obliged to have Recourse to Circumlocutions. In the same brief Manner *Ulysses* questions *Dolon*, when *Diomedes* and He surprize him in the *Grecian* Camp at Dead of Night.

ἄλλ' ἄγε μοι πάρεῖσι πῶς καὶ ἀτρεκέως κα-
τάλεξον, &c. Hom. II. κ. 384.

*What moves Thee, say, when Sleep has clos'd the
Sight,*

To roam the silent Fields in Dead of Night ?

Cam'st Thou the Secrets of our Camp to find,

By Hector prompted, or thy daring Mind ?

*Or art some Wretch, by Hopes of Plunder led,
Through Heaps of Carnage, to despoil the Dead ?*

Mr. Pope.

x Thou Pow'r inviolate !] *Sinon's* Protestation here is as subtle as it is solemn : for he deceives the *Trojans*, and yet does not betray the Secrets of his Countrymen : But he swears, as *Donatus* critically remarks, because it would not otherwise have been probable, that he should have betray'd the Secrets of his own Party, without their being drawn out of him by Tortures. *Servius* has a little Scrap of a Comment upon this Passage, which, I presume, is corrupt in all the Copies, because I find it mark'd with an Asterisk. *Non violabile.] Quod Græci*
* ἀφάρτων dicuntur. The Correction is very easy and obvious. *Servius* certainly meant to say, *Quod Græci ἀφάρτων dicunt.*

y Ye Wreaths, which I, as Victim, should have worn,] 'Tis true, the Original has it, *Vittæq; Deum, quas hostia gessi* : and therefore all the Translators have render'd it, as if *Sinon* had been actually crown'd with the Chaplets. With Submission, I cannot but think, they go beyond the Poet's Meaning in this Construction. *Sinon* had told them before, that the fatal Morning, destin'd

Break all Engagements made with GREECE ingrate,
^z And hold the Traytors in a noble Hate :
 Freed from all Bonds of Country, to reveal
 Whate'er They would with strictest Care conceal !
 Do You, O TROY ! but keep the Faith you gave,
 And save the Man who will your Empire save :
 If I a Series of fair Truths display,
 And amply the Protection giv'n repay.

On PALLAS' Aid GREECE fix'd her hopeful Plan,
 And in that Confidence the War began.
 But since ULYSSES (whose inventive Head
 Teems with each Mischief, each flagitious Deed)
 With impious DIOMEDE colleagu'd, had slain
 The hapless Guard who watch'd the sacred Fane ;
 Since from the hallow'd Shrine, and awful Tow'r,
 MINERVA'S Statue, big with Fate, they bore,

Daring

destin'd for the Sacrifice, was come ; that the customary Cakes were prepar'd, and the Wreaths ready for his Brows : but if the Rites had proceeded so far, as to have his Head bound with them, he had been immediately conducted to the Altar, and his Escape had been utterly impracticable. My Version therefore seems the more warrantable ; and is supported by *Servius's* Comment upon the Passage. *Quas hostia gessi.* Gessi autem penè, non enim verè gesserat : sed quantum ad Græcos pertineret, qui eum immolaturi fuerant, dixit.

^z And hold the Traytors in a noble Hate.] The Poet says, *Fas odiſſe viros* : And as *Sinon* pretends to speak of the Grecians here with Contempt and Detestation, I hope, I shall not be thought too licentious in rendering *Viros*, the Traytors. Nothing is more common with Persons, who would either deceive, or cannot so well excuse

their own Conduct, as to recriminate, and begin with Accusations against others. *Servius* very properly remarks, that *Sinon* appeals to the Gods, that he may stand discharg'd from all Obligations to Greece, in the Discoveries which he pretendedly is about to make ; lest he should be thought a Traytor and Betrayer of his Country : for, as *Cicero* wisely observes, *Nemo unquam Sapiens Proditori credendum putavit* : No wise Man ever imagined, that a Betrayer of his Country ought to be credited. The same Axiom, I believe, will hold, in most Cases, with Regard to Informers. I doubt not, but *Virgil* (as he is a religious Observer of Rites and Ceremonies) is alluding to the *Sacramentum militare*, so solemnly observed among the Romans : by which every Soldier, who was admitted and enrolled in their Armies, swore, That he would do nothing to the Prejudice of the Common-

D

wealth.

Daring to touch with rude, ensanguin'd, Hands
 The holy Fillets, and the Virgin Bands;
 Revers'd, back flow our Fortunes: and we find
 Our Strength decay'd, averse the Goddess' Mind.
 Nor by Signs doubtful the ^a TRITONIAN Maid
 Her Wrath evinces, and retracted Aid.
 The dread PALLADIUM, from her Basis torne,
 Scarce by the Robbers to our Camp was borne,
 When with keen Fires her flashing Eye-balls shine,
 And from her Limbs distills a sweaty Brine.
 While thrice (prodigious!) from the trembling Ground,
 Shaking her Shield and Lance, we saw her bound.
 CALCHAS pronounces strait, By Flight the Main
 Must be explor'd, and that we war in vain:
 Nor TROY could be by GRECIAN Arms subdu'd,
 Unless the Omens were in GREECE renew'd;
 And back the Goddess brought, whom they had o'er
 The foaming Deep convey'd to ARGOS' Shore.

For

wealth. I cannot so willingly accede to *Servius* in one Point, that he would suppose many Things in *Sidon's* Speech to be equivocal: As, where he says, *Fas odisse viros*, that it may be construed to mean, the *Grecians*, whom he would pretend to hate, or the *Trojans*, whom he is labouring to deceive. And again, where he says, *Atq; omnia ferre sub auras, Si qua tegunt*; that this may allude either to the Lawfulness of discovering the *Grecians'* Secrets, or the Lawfulness of letting them out of the Wooden Horse, in which they lay conceal'd, and returning them to open Air. I must confess, such Equivocations as these savour so much of a Pun, that they quite debase the Dignity of the

Epick. I cannot help remembering, on this Occasion, that Scene of Punning (so justly censured by the ingenious Mr. *Addison*) in the 6th Book of *Paradise Lost*, where *Satan* and *Belial* rally in such ambiguous and gamesome Terms, concerning their new-invented Enginry. But as the Passages are so well known, and would take up too much Room in Quotation, every Reader at his Pleasure may refer to them, in the Author.

a TRITONIAN Maid] I endeavour every where (and, indeed, I look upon it to be the Duty of a Translator) to preserve that Variety in the Epithets, by which *Virgil* takes Pains to diversify the Characters and Names of his

For This, they seek their native GREEK Abodes,
 Furnish fresh Arms, and reconcile the Gods.
 Thence soon return'd, the Seas, your Realms to waste,
 They'll measure back with unexpected Haste.
 So the skill'd Seer directs. This huge Machine
 Injoin'd they rear, to sooth the Goddeſs' Spleen ;
 In Lieu of her profan'd PALLADIUM left,
 And in Attonement of their impious Theft :
 Whilst lofty thus, and tow'ring to the Skies,
 The Priest ordains th' unwieldy Frame to riſe ;
 Left, drawn within your Walls, ^b the vulgar Senſe,
 And old Religion deem it a Defence.
 For if by your raſh Hands profan'd had been
 This votive Off'ring to the Virgin Queen,

Then

his Deities, Heroes, Countries, &c. With this View *Minerva* is here call'd *Tritonia Virgo*, as ſhe is by *Homer* and *Hefiod* call'd *Tetroyveia* : in explaining the Etymology of which Terms, the Grammarians have been as fantaſtical, as they are various. The beſt Account for the Name to me ſeems, from her being fabled to have ſprung out of the Head of *Jupiter* : ſince *Tetra*, as we are told, in ſeveral Dialects ſignified a Head : Or, if we will conſider her as the Goddeſs of Wiſdom, it may allude to the Three Qualities (Adjuncts to that Character) *Intelligence*, as to Things *preſent* ; *Prudence*, as to the *Future* ; and *Memory*, as to the *Paſt*. As the Antients allegorically ſuppos'd *Pallas* or *Wiſdom*, to proceed from the Head of *Jove*, our *Milton* has finely imagined, that *Sin*, in the like Manner, ſprung from the Head of *Satan*. *Par. Loſt*, B. 2. v. 752. &c.

*All on a ſudden, miſerable Pain
 Surpriz'd Thee ; dim thy Eyes, and dizzy ſwum
 In Darkneſs ; while thy Head Flames thick and
 faſt*

*Threw forth ; till on the left Side op'ning wide,
 Likeſt to Thee in Shape, and Count'nance bright,
 Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a Goddeſs arm'd
 Out of thy Head I ſprung : Amazement seiz'd
 All th' Hoſt of Heav'n ; back they recoil'd, afraid
 At firſt, and call'd me SIN :*

b ————— the vulgar Senſe,
And old Religion deem it a Defence.]

I confeſs, my Verſion of this Paſſage is obſcure enough to demand a little clearing up ; but let me confeſs too, that I am obſcure on purpoſe, and with a Deſire to imitate the Obſcurity of the Original : *Neu populum antiqua ſub Relligione tueri*. The Poet's Meaning is unqueſtionably this : *Minerva* was held in the greateſt Veneration that could be, amongſt the *Trojans* : and the *Palladium*, a myſtical Image of her, was reputed of ſuch Sanctity and Confidence, that it was the Pledge and Security of the *Aſiatic* Empire's flouriſhing, whiſt it remain'd amongſt them : and the Populace were taught to believe, that *Troy* could not be taken, till That was firſt taken from them.

Then PRIAM'S Realms in Ruins must have mourn'd :
 (Which Doom, ye Gods! on CALCHAS first be turn'd !)
 But if, uninjur'd, by your willing Aid
 It should within your Turrets be convey'd,
 With pow'rful War to GREECE would ASIA come,
 And PELOPS' Offspring feel that fatal Doom.

Nempè capi Trojam prohibebant Fata sine Illò.
Ovid. Met. l. XIII. v. 339.

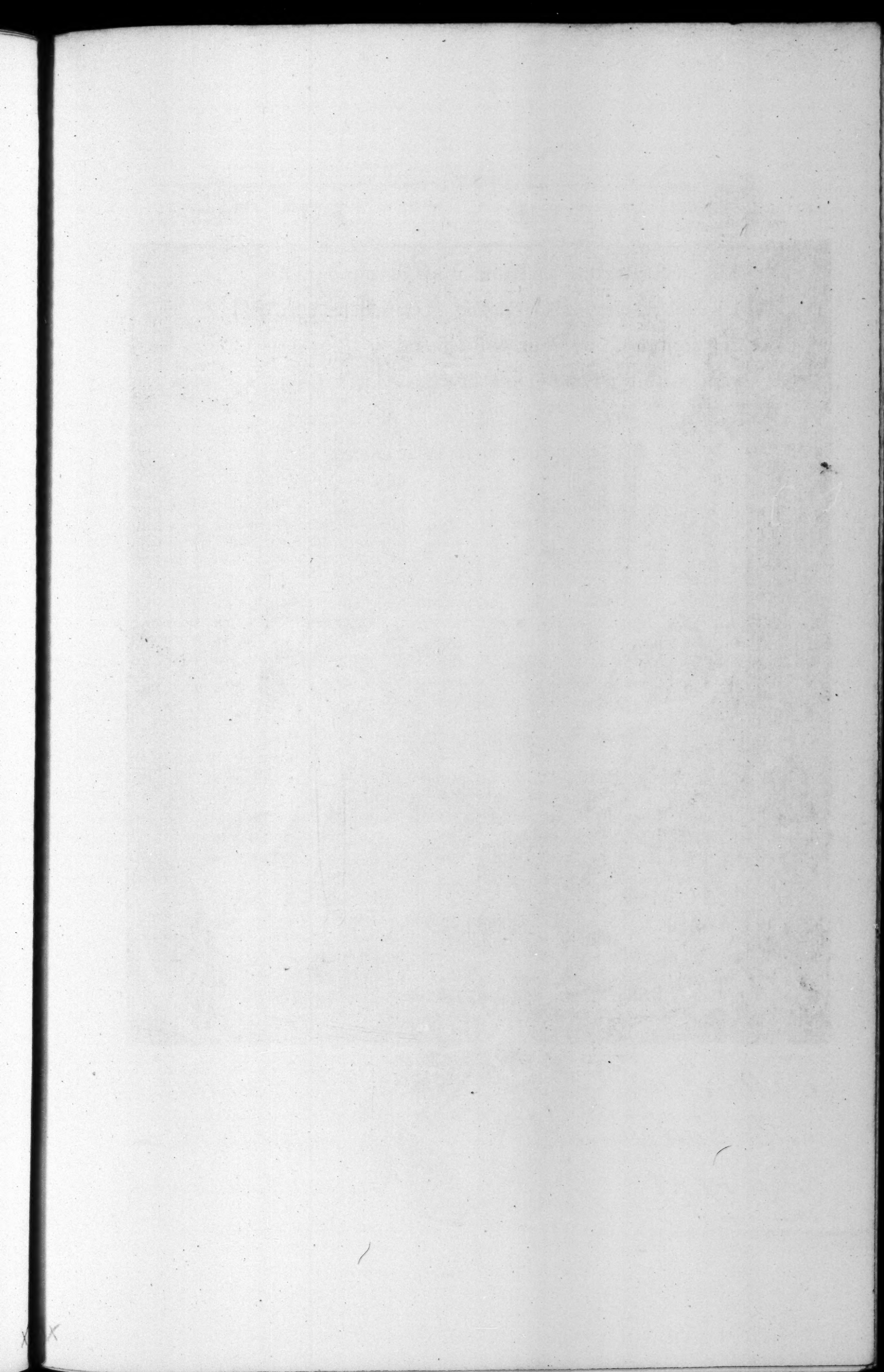
The same Poet has given us one Circumstance concerning it, which very well deserves to be mentioned on this Occasion. " That *Minerva* " consented to the having her *Palladium* stoln " away, She being incens'd at the *Trojans*, on " account of *Paris* having given the Prize of " Beauty against her.

Sub Priamo servata parùm : sic Ipsa volebat,
Ex quò Judiciò Forma revicta sua est.

Fast. lib. VI. v. 431.

Now this *Palladium* being stoln, and the Wooden Horse being built and consecrated to *Minerva*, as it is insinuated, to expiate that Theft ; this Horse was made, says *Sinon*, of such a stupendous Bulk, that you *Trojans* might not be able to heave it within your Walls ; nor look upon it as the same Security, or venerate it with the same Religion, as you of old did the *Palladium*. *Virgil*, 'tis probable (but I have no Authority for the Conjecture) is so exprefs concerning the Sanctity of this Image, because the *Romans* pretended to be possessed of it, and kept it in the Temple of *Vesta*.







To the Right
The Lady
This **PLATE**

J. Nicholls inv. et delin.



Honourable
Herbert.
is humbly Inscribed.

W. H. Toms sculp.



THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

CANTO II.

The ARGUMENT.

SCARCE had Sinon ended his dissembling Speech, and from fictitious Oracles wrought up the Trojans to believe, that their Fate depended upon a due Reverence to be paid to the Horse left in Attonement of Minerva ; but a fearful Prodigy alarms their Minds, and gives a Sanction in Part to what Sinon had feign'd, in case they should any ways violate that Votive Engine. For as Laocoon (one of Priam's Sons by Hecuba) who had darted his Javelin against this Wooden Horse, was sacrificing on the Shore, with his Sons, a Bull to Neptune, whose Priest he had been lately constituted, two Serpents of enormous Size cross over the Sea from Tenedos, and, making directly towards Laocoon and his Sons, kill them all Three. This is interpreted by the People's Fears, and Superstition, as a Judgment on Account of Laocoon having violated the Horse. To expiate this Injury, a Breach is immediately made in the Trojan Walls : the Horse is haul'd up into the City with Hymns and great Solemnity, and a general Festival is celebrated that Day,

Day, upon the Occasion. At Night, Sinon opens the Door in the Belly of the Horse, and lets out the concealed Warriours: The Grecian Fleet sails back from Tenedos, as it was appointed, and they jointly surprize the sleeping City. Æneas dreams, he sees the Ghost of Hector; who advises him to fly, and bear away his Household Gods with him. A Description of the City now in Flames, and of the Havock committed under that Consternation. Æneas hears the Alarm, and arms; and being certified by Panthus, that the Greeks had entirely made Themselves Masters of the Town, with a small Body of resolute young Trojans he rushes out, and, in Desperation, determines to die warmly, and fall with his Country.



AUGHT by such Snares, by SINON'S
perjur'd Art,

And ^a Tears that but obey'd his guileful
Heart,

The Fiction finds Belief: and wretched
We,

O'er whom nor dreadful DIOMEDE, nor He,

^b The LARISSÆAN Chief, could e'er prevail,
Their ten Years Siege, nor Fleet, a Thousand Sail,
Are vanquish'd by a false, dissembled Tale.

^c But

^a *Tears that but obey'd his guileful Heart,*] *Lacrymis coactis*, says our Author: Tears forcefully squeez'd out by Dissimulation: *Quas, oculos terendo, miserè vix vi expresserit*, as Terence calls it upon a similar Occasion. *Pierius*, and some few others of the Criticks contend, that as our Poet wrote *Capti dolis*, so it should be likewise *Lacrymis coactis*. But why the Trojans might not be deceived by the Artifice of his Rhetorick, and the Influence of his strain'd Tears too, I cannot see. The Criticism is worth nothing. Our Countryman *Shakespeare* (as 'tis probable,

he had this Passage in his View) chose to think the Poet wrote *Lacrymisq; coactis*: for so he has rendered the Words in his Imitation.

*Look! look! how list'ning Priam wets his Eyes,
To see those borrow'd Tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For ev'ry Tear he falls, a Trojan bleeds:
His Eyes drop Fire; no Water thence proceeds.*

Tarq. and Luc.

^b *The LARISSÆAN Chief,*] i. e. *Achilles*. He was born at *Phthia*; but *Larissa* was a Village of *Thessaly* in its Neighbourhood: and our Poet borrows

° But now a greater Portent wounds our Sight,
 And shakes our startled Souls with dread Affright.
 LAOCOON, so the fatal Lots assign,
 Chosen the Priest of NEPTUNE's awful Shrine,
 In offic'd Pomp beside the Altar stood,
 Slew the big Bull, and pour'd the Victim Blood :
 When lo ! from TENEDOS, a-crofs the Bay,
 With Orbs immense two Serpents bend their Way :
 (Horrid to tell !) the briny Surge they brush,
 And tow'rd's the Shore with equal Ardour rush.
 With speckled Breasts, and Chests bedropt with Blood,
 They ride erect above the parted Flood :

Their

borrow's his Epithet from its Name, as well, perhaps, for Diversity, as for the better Sound of the Word.

c But now a greater Portent] Here begins the finest Draught of Horror, Astonishment, and Compassion, that ever made an Episode in an Epick Poem. It is, in every Circumstance, a Picture to employ the Mind and Passions. An Altar on the Sea-side, and a solemn annual Sacrifice going on to Neptune : a venerable old Man, an High-priest, and nearly allied to the King of the Country, attending in his Office, and assisted in the Ceremony by his Sons : The Appearance and Approach of two Serpents darting a-crofs the Flood, of a Bulk and Size beyond what was ever beheld by mortal Eyes : The Affright and Tumult of the Populace at such a Sight of Consternation : The Priest and his Sons left singly at the Altar, to encounter the Danger : The enormous Monsters gliding impetuously towards them, and at last winding them round in their horrid Folds : All these Traits present themselves to our Eyes and Imaginations. This Description, in every Part, is as strongly labour'd, and withal as highly finish'd by our Poet, as the Statue of it was, which Pliny saw in Titus Vespasian's Palace, wrought out of one solid Block of Marble ; and which

is still to be seen, though not entire, in the Vatican Gardens : a Master-piece in Work, which, that Naturalist tells us, deservedly claim'd the Preference of all other Pictures and Pieces of Sculpture extant. *Monsieur de Segrain* says, that, whenever he has reflected on this fine Statue, the Excellence of which has occasioned such a Number of Copies, he cannot help thinking, but that it was taken from this Description in *Virgil* ; and that the divine Expressions of the Poet had undoubtedly form'd the Ideas of that famous Statuary, whom this inimitable Piece has immortaliz'd. I don't know, that it would be easy to fix the Antiquity of this curious Monument of Art : nor that it would be of much Consequence, could we precisely do it. *Segrain* might, indeed, have observed, that it was not the Labour of a single Hand : for *Pliny* gives us the Names of its Artificers, three *Rhodians*, *Agasander*, *Polydorus*, and *Athenodorus*. And this we know, that Statuary was arrived to its highest Pitch of Perfection in Greece several Centuries before the Augustan Age. Besides, might not both the Artist and *Virgil* himself be indebted to *Sophocles* for their Draught and Description ? That Greek Poet wrote a Tragedy on the Subject of *Laocoon*, though the Injury of Time has long since robb'd us of it. But that the Death of *Laocoon* made

Their other Parts the Ocean sweep behind,
 And their curv'd Backs in Folds enormous wind :
^d Foams the lash'd Deep. And now the Strand they gain'd,
 Their fiery Eyes with bloody Streaks distain'd,
 Their hissing Jaws they lick, and dart their Tongue :
 Bloodless, and pale, we fly : They glide along,
 With sinuous Course full tow'rd's LAOCOON roll'd,
 And first his Sons with dire Embrace infold.
 Each Serpent, on his Prey intent, around
^e The slender Youths his scaly Cordage wound ;

Their

made a Part of its Subject, we are sure : since, as we learn from *Servius*, and the Scholiast on *Lycophron*, the Tragick Poet gave us the very Names of the two Serpents. Nor are we to doubt, but he heighten'd up the Narrative of this dreadful Disaster, with all the Colouring of Passion, that his Art and Eloquence could furnish. As to the Statue itself, perhaps, it was made at Rome for the Emperor *Titus* : for had any Copies of it been extant in Greece so early as *Pausanias*'s Time, they could not possibly have escap'd his Notice.

^d Foams the lash'd Deep.] *Petronius Arbiter*, who has touch'd this Episode of *Laocoon* in his little Poem, call'd (*Ἰσθίος Ἀλωσις*) The Sacking of *Troy*, gives a very apt Image, in Similie, of the Noise which these stupendous Serpents made in cutting through the Billows.

*Qualis silenti nocte Remorum Sonus
 Longè refertur, cum premunt Classes mare,
 Pulsamq; Marmor abiete imposita gemit.*

*Such, in a silent Night, the Dash of Oars
 Is brought from far, when Navies press the Sea,
 And the lash'd Surge groans with the Weight it
 bears.*

The Poet pursues the Description of their beating the Sea with their Tails, of carrying their Crests above the Flood, of their Eyes glaring like Fire, and of their frightful Hissings : Circumstances, which he plainly seems to have borrowed from the Description and Painting of *Virgil*.

*Dant Sonitum Caudæ : libera Ponto juba
 Coruscant luminibus : fulmineum jubar
 Incendit Æquor : Sibilisq; undæ tremunt.*

By the Bye, the Editors, either through Ignorance or Officiousness, have strangely tamper'd with this Passage. The two first of these Lines excepted, this whole little Poem, consisting of sixty five Lines, is in regular *Iambicks* : But, here, in the first of the Verses quoted, we have a *Spondée* in the second Foot ; and in the second of these Verses, *Spondées* again possess the second and fourth Feet : which are evident Transgressions against the Nature of an *Iambick* Verse. Now I can never imagine, that any Writer, who confin'd himself to the Laws of a peculiar Metre for sixty three Lines, would break them without Necessity only in a Couple of Verses. A slight Transposition of three Words, and two various Readings recall'd from the old Copies, will easily redeem the Passage from Corruption : Thus ;

*Caudæ Sonitum dant : libera Ponto juba
 Consentiant luminibus : igneum jubar
 Incendit Æquor, &c.*

*Their Tails beat on the Surge : their crimson
 Manes*

*Burn like their Eyes, erect above the Flood ;
 The Ocean kindles at their fiery Beams,
 Whilst their tremendous Hisses shake its Waves.*

^e The slender Youths] *Virgil* says, *Parva duorum Corpora natorum* : and the Translators seem
 to

Their horrid Teeth infix : and next invade
 The Sire, with Arms advancing to their Aid ;
 Involve him with their monstrous Spires, and cast
 Twice round his Neck their Scales, and twice his Waft,
 Rearing their Heads and lofty Crests in Air :
 Whilst with his Hands he strives the Knots to tear.
 His sacred Fillets Gore and Poison stain,
 And to the Skies he bellows forth his Pain.
^f So roars the Bull, when, from the Altar broke,
 He reels, and strives t' elude th' imperfect Stroke.

But

to concur in thinking *Laocoon's* Sons meer Boys. *Servius*, perhaps, was of the same Opinion : for in explaining the Word our Author employs, to express the Twining of the Serpents round their Bodies, *Implicat*, he says, *Hoc ad molliem Infantium Corporis dixit*. But what could Infants, or Young Boys, have to do in such a Croud, as we may well suppose to be gathered together at that solemn annual Sacrifice? It is neither consistent with Probability, nor the Dignity of *Laocoon's* Character. I should rather imagine them of such an Age, as to be in Office under their Father ; and attending him, who was High-priest, in the Service of the Altar. Both the Statue, and all the Pictures, which I have seen on this Story, evidently countenance this Opinion. I think, likewise, the Translators are under another Error, in supposing, from the Poet's Words, that the Serpents devoured the Two Sons : *Et miseros morsu depascitur artus*. Here, again, the Statuary is against them : for *Laocoon* is represented intertwined by the Folds of the Serpents, and the Two Sons lying dead on the Ground. Serpents of that enormous Size must have large Teeth, and, undoubtedly, mangled the Flesh in biting them to Death ; but scarce eat the Carcasses up. *Virgil* uses the same Word, *depascitur*, once again ; and applies it to a Fever's preying on a Body :

———— atq; artus depascitur arida Febris.
 Georg. III. v. 458.

^f *So roars the Bull,*] The Commentators take Notice, that this Comparison has a peculiar Propriety, both with Regard to the Priesthood of *Laocoon*, and as he himself is here the unwilling, reluctant, Sacrifice. *Fulvius Ursinus* thinks, it is shadow'd from a Passage in *Homer* ; where *Hippodamas* dies of a Wound receiv'd in his Back.

————— ἤρυγεν, ὡς ὅτε ταῦρος
 ἤρυγεν ἐλκόμενος ἑλικώνιον ἀμφὶ δ' ἀναλῆα,
 Κέρων ἐκόντων. Il. v. v. 403.

————— not louder roars
 At Neptune's Shrine, on Helice's high Shores,
 The Victim Bull. Mr. Pope.

I must own, I can see no Traces of Resemblance in the two Comparisons, but that in Both the Bull roars. If I may venture to guess, our Poet rather had this Passage of *Lucretius* in his View.

Ut nunc sæpè Boves Lucæ, ferro malè mactæ,
 Diffugiunt, fera facta suis cum multa dedere.
 Lib. V. v. 1038.

But fled, much Mischief done, as furious Bulls,
 When the weak Ax descends, nor breaks their Skulls.
 They start, and fright the Priest, and, bellowing
 loud,

Run frantick round, and gore the pious Croud.
 Mr. Creech.

E

I am

But, gliding thence, the scaly Monsters gain
 The lofty Tow'r, and stern TRITONIA's Fane :
 There couch beneath her Feet, and ample Shield,
 Whilst ev'ry Breast with piercing Horror's chill'd.
 All quiv'ring with a Fear, unfelt till now,
 The Justice on LAOCOON's Guilt avow :
 Who durst so ill the sacred Wood revere,
 And hurl against its Side his impious Spear.
 The gen'ral Cry demands, the Pile be brought
 To PALLAS' Fane, and She with Pray'rs be fought.

^h The

I am afraid, the Translator has given us an Allusion here, which the *Latin* Poet never thought of. There is not the least Intimation of a Sacrifice, or of the Priest being frightened, in the Original. Nor is the Bull any ways concerned in the Similie, but the Elephant. This Mr. Creech seems to have been aware of afterwards, in his *Latin* Notes to an Edition of the same Poet. *Lucæ Boves* (says he) *Elephantes, quos in Spectaculis (si ulli Lucretij ætate in Spectaculis Elephantes) aliquando vulnerabant*. But as there is too frequent a Fatality upon Persons, when they are correcting themselves, to commit a fresh Mistake ; I apprehend Mr. Creech to have fallen into this Misfortune. *Lucretius* is not speaking of the Elephants, which either shew'd Tricks, or combated at the publick Spectacles in *Rome* ; but of those Elephants, which were first introduced into *Italy* by *Pyrrhus*, and afterwards by *Hannibal*, in their Wars ; and which, being wounded, turn'd Head in a Fright, and trod down their own Party. And the Elephants, we are told by *Pliny*, were call'd *Boves Lucæ* ; because they had never been seen by the *Romans*, till in the *Epirotick* War by *Pyrrhus*, the Seat of which War was in *Lucania*. Either of these Comparisons aptly suit the Case of *Laocoon* ; who, though he could not disengage himself from the monstrous Serpents, yet roars like a Bull, that, not having received his Death's Wound, breaks from the Altar ; or like an E-

lephant only hurt in the Battle, who in his Agony and Confusion strives to escape from the Spot, where he has received the Injury.

^g *There couch beneath her Feet,*] We have heard from the first *Canto*, that the *Palladium*, or Statue of *Pallas*, was stolen from *Troy* by *Diomedes* and *Ulysses*. It ought therefore to be explain'd here, to obviate any seeming Inconsistency in the Poet, that there were two *Palladium's* : the One, a large Effigies of the Goddess, and her *Insignia*, on a *Basis* : This stood expos'd to View in the Temple, and was the Object of publick Veneration : the Other was an Image of her in Miniature ; kept so sacred and recluse, that it was accounted a Profanation for any Eye to gaze upon it : And *Ilus*, as we learn from *Plutarch*, was suddenly struck blind for presuming to bear it off safe, when the Temple once happened to be on Fire. This lesser Image, the supposed Pledge and Security of their Empire, it was, which was stolen away : the Larger, and less sacred One, remain'd in the Temple ; and under its Feet and Shield the Serpents shelter'd themselves. *Virgil* is thought to allude, in this, to a Point of Antiquity. For the Statues of *Pallas* represented her with a Helmet on her Head, a Buckler at her Feet, and, betwixt That and the lower Part of her Spear, a large Dragon. The learned and ingenious *La Cerda* says, " Who knows, but the Heathens might have derived the Superstition, last mentioned, from
 " the

^h The Walls are open'd, and a Breach display'd :
 All, emulous, the sacred Labour aid.
ⁱ Beneath his Feet they fasten Wheels, and round
 His lofty Neck the twisted Cordage bound.
 Pregnant with Arms, the fatal Engine scales
 The Breach, and o'er our parted Walls prevails.
 Around, a blooming and unmarried Train
 Of Youths and Maids the sacred Hymn sustain,
 And in their glowing Hands the Cords with Rapture strain.

Solemn,

" the rife Tradition of *Lucifer* being overcome
 " by *Michael*, and being prostrate at his Feet
 " in the Shape of a Serpent ? " As to this
 Question, I am afraid, as the *French* say, *C'est*
une Chose trop recherchée : The Suspicion is too
 quaint: and I am apt to think, the Tradition
 is hardly so old as the Statue of *Pallas* fram'd
 by *Phidias*, of which *Pausanias* makes Mention.
 If one were disposed to refine upon the Mat-
 ter, perhaps, the Etymology of the two Names
 might go a good way in Support. *Michael*,
 it seems, signifies in the *Hebrew*, *Deus per-*
cutiens ; the smiting God: *Pallas* is *δορυκένωρ*,
hastâ pungens ; wounding with the Spear: So
 that, in this Light, She was the same Execu-
 tive Power for *Jove*, in the War against the Gi-
 ants, as *Michael* was for *Jehovah*, against the
 Rebel-angels. Perhaps, our learned Countryman,
Milton, might allude to the Signification of *Mi-*
chael's Name, when he gave us this Passage.

————— But the Sword
 Of *Michael* from the Armoury of God
 Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen,
 Nor solid, might resist that Edge : It met
 The Sword of Satan with steep Force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheer, nor staid,
 But with swift Wheel reverse, deep ent'ring
 shar'd
 All his right Side. —————

Parad. Lost. B. VI.

^h The Walls are open'd,] *Servius*, with great
 Accuracy, tells us, that the Breach, which was
 made, was of the Building over the *Scæan*
 Gate : for at That, 'tis agreed, the Horse was

introduced into the Town. *Didymus*, or who-
 ever else is the Author of the short *Scholia* on
Homer, among other Reasons given why the
Scæan Gate was so call'd, informs us, that it
 was, ἀπὸ τῆ σκαιῆς βυλδύσας τὰς Τρῶας, &
 γὰρ Δέρπειον ἵππον καὶ αὐτὰς ἐδίδξαντο τὰς πύλας.
 (ad Il. γ. v. 145.) " From the unlucky (*sinister*)
 " Determination of the *Trojans* ; for at that
 " Gate they admitted the Horse." Now, why
 its Admission at that Gate was most particu-
 larly fatal and ominous, was, because the *Tro-*
jans had received an Oracle, that their City
 should not be conquer'd, till Three Things
 happen'd ; till they lost their *Palladium* ; till
Troilus should be kill'd ; and till the Sepulchre
 of *Laomedon* should be disturbed. The Fiction
 of this Oracle, we find, was, at least, older
 than the Times of *Plautus* ; for he mentions it
 with the three particular Predictions, in his *Bac-*
chides.

Ilio tria fuisse audivi fata, quæ illi forent exitio :
Signum ex arce si perisset ; alterum etiam &
Troili mors :
Tertium, cum portæ Scææ limen superum scin-
deretur.

The *Palladium* had already been stolen away
 by *Diomedes* and *Ulysses* ; *Troilus* was slain by
Achilles ; and now the Sepulchre of *Laomedon*,
 whose Remains lay over the *Scæan* Gate, was
 demolished for the Admission of this monstrous
 Horse.

ⁱ Beneath his Feet they fasten Wheels,] *Tzetzes*,
 the Scholiast upon *Lycophron*, tells us a piece of
 News concerning the Admission of this Horse,

E 2

for

Solemn, and slow, the Fabrick totters down
With threat'ning March, and gains our inmost Town.

O ILIUM ! O my Country, fam'd a-far,
Mansion of Gods ! O Walls, renown'd for War !
Four times, ev'n at the Threshold of the Gate,
Whilst we with Toil dragg'd up th' unweildy Weight,
Restive, it stuck ; and from its horrid Womb
Four times the Crash of Arms denounc'd our Doom.
Yet, blind with Zeal, and impotent of Soul,
On to the hallow'd Tow'r the deadly Pile we roll :
While, unregarded, PHOEBUS so ordains,
CASSANDRA thunders out prophetick Strains ;
And wretched We, that last, that luckless, Morn,
With festive Garlands ev'ry Shrine adorn.

The Face of Heav'n is turn'd, withdrawn the Light,
And from the Ocean rushes dusky Night.

At

for which I at present remember no other Authority : Τῶν δὲ Τρώων ἄλλοι μὲν πρὸς δοχίσαντες δόλον εἶναι, ἄλλοι δὲ παρὰ θεῶν γαλήναι, κελύουσιν αὐτὸν ΤΟΞΕΥΘΗΝΑΙ, ἢ ΤΟΞΕΥΣΑΝΤΕΣ αὐτὸν, ἄγασιν ἔνδον τῆς Τροίας : “ Some of the “ Trojans looking upon it to be a Snare, and “ some of them reckoning it to be sent from “ the Gods, they order it to be transfix’d “ with Darts ; and, having transfix’d, they admit it into Troy.” Either the Reading is corrupt ; or (which may very well be) I freely confess, that I do not understand it. We know nothing of any Order, or Determination, that it should be transfix’d, and then admitted. Laocoon, alone, was the Person who threw his Javelin at it ; but he did it not in Consequence of any such Order, but out of meer

Rashness and Fury. Again, had there been any such Order, to what purpose could it be, unless to found, and explore the Cavities of the Machine ? But if τοξεύειν ever signified *telô te-rebrare examinandi causâ, to bore with any Instrument for Examination-sake*, it is more than ever has fallen in my Way to observe. Now, as the Machine was full of Men and Arms, if they had bored it thus by way of Scrutiny, the Fraud had been detected, and consequently the Horse had never been introduced into Troy. But were we to allow τοξεύειν to signify all I have supposed, there still lies an Objection from the Collocation of the Words, and the Order of the Reasoning. Would They, because they look’d upon it as a Present from the Gods, grow suspicious, and order it to be bor’d

At once the large, expanded, Gloom is shed ;
 O'er Earth, and Sky, and GRECIAN Treach'ry spread.
 Stretch'd on the Walls, with heavy Toil oppress'd,
 Our flumb'ring TROJANS fought the needful Rest.
 And now, from TENEDOS' deceitful Bay,
 Back fails the ARGIVE Force in dread Array.
 Friendly to Them, the Night was in her Noon ;
 And silent gleam'd the unbetraying Moon.
 Their well-known Course they steer along the Shore ;
 The royal Bark her flaming Signal bore.
 SINON, protected by too partial Fate,
 By Stealth unbars the latent Wooden Gate.
 The Monster-Horse, its Belly yawning wide,
 Strait pours th' imprison'd Warriours from its Side.
 Giv'n back to Air, with gladfom Speed they rose ;
 And from its Caverns rush an Host of Foes.

^k THERSANDER,

bor'd for the better Security ? The Trojans were more implicit Believers, and had a greater Respect for their Deities. Could *μενεσθῆναι* admit the fore-suppos'd Sense, the Sentence should have run thus. "Some of the Trojans reckoning it to be sent from the Gods, but others of them looking upon it to be a Snare, they order it to be transfix'd with Darts ; and, having transfix'd, they admit it into Troy." But had they proceeded thus, as I said, the Cheat had been discover'd, and they never would have admitted it. The Suspicion therefore, that I have of an Error in the Text, is for these Reasons : And might it be granted, that *Tzetzes* possibly wrote, ΤΡΟΧΑΣΘΗΝΑΙ & ΤΡΟΧΕΑΝΤΕΣ ; then the Sense will run thus. "Some of the Trojans looking upon it to be a Snare, but Others reckoning it to be sent from the Gods, they order it to be rais'd upon Wheels ; and, having so rais'd it, they admit it into their Town." There is no Difficulty now in the Reasoning Part ; but the Consequence is fair and natural. They use the Means for admitting it within their Walls, because they suppose it a Present from the Gods. If I have mistaken the Text of *Tzetzes*, I have done him no Injury, but have expos'd my own Ignorance ; and, on better Information, shall be glad to retract my Error. If I have advanced a probable Conjecture, it has arisen from a Desire of making that plain, which seem'd to me unintelligible ; and not out of the vain Ostentation of setting up for a Corrector.

^k THERSANDER, STHENELUS, Chiefs far renown'd,
 And dire ULYSSES from the Concave bound ;
 Adown the corded Ladders swift they glide :
 And ATHAMAS, with THOAS by his Side,
 And ^l NEOPTOLEMUS, the Warriour-boy,
 PELIDES' Son, that fatal Scourge of TROY ;
 For healing Arts, as Arms, MACHAON fam'd,
 And MENELAUS, whose Cause the War inflam'd ;
 With curst EPEUS last (the direful Source
 Of all our Woes) who fram'd the fraudulent Horse.

The

^k THERSANDER, STHENELUS,] I have taken a greater Latitude in this short Catalogue of Names, than in any other Passage of the whole Book: by inserting little Circumstances, that give a Sort of Variety, for which there is no Foundation in the Original. In the *Latin*, by the Variation of the *Dactyls* and *Spondees*, a Parcel of proper Names may run in a String tolerably enough: but in an *English* Heroick Verse, as we call it, where we have no such Helps, but the Syllables are equal, and the *Emphases* and *Cadences* regular and fix'd, the Case is alter'd. For, in ranging proper Names too close together, One may chance to cross us, like That of the Town which *Horace* complains of, *quod versu dicere non est*. To avoid this Embarrassment, and to make the Numbers more harmonious, I have ventur'd to embellish, and be a little diffusive in, the Translation.

^l NEOPTOLEMUS, the Warriour-boy,] He came, as his Name implies, a perfect Boy to the War. His Age, however, can't so easily be ascertain'd: there seem some Contradictions to lie in the Way. *Achilles*, his Father, was killed in the tenth Year of the *Trojan War*. While the Princes were leaguings to undertake it, and collecting their Forces (for which we

may allow three Years) *Achilles* lay conceal'd in Women's Apparel in *Lycomedes's* Court, and had by *Deïdamia* this Son, call'd *Pyrrhus*, and *Neoptolemus*. So that, by this Reckoning, he was about thirteen Years old, when he commenced Soldier. (This was something earlier to set up for a Hero, than our famous King *Henry Vth.* did, who performed such gallant Feats in his Father's Cause, at the Battle of *Shrewsbury*, when he was but in his fifteenth Year.) But, indeed, if we weigh another Circumstance or two, we shall find *Neoptolemus* something more advanced in Years. For, immediately upon the Sacking of *Troy*, *Andromache*, *Hector's* Widow, is given to him, as Part of the Spoils. He makes her his Concubine, and has a Son by her, call'd *Molossus*: And, in farther Recompence of his Services, *Menelaus* bestows on him his Daughter *Hermione* in Marriage. Yet, to confess the Truth, no conclusive Argument of his Age can be drawn from these Particulars: For *Neoptolemus* carried *Andromache* into *Theffaly* with him; and how long it might be, before he bedded her, is more than I dare determine. Then, as to *Hermione*, whether she was given to him before *Menelaus* got home to *Sparta*, which was not till eight Years after, is equally uncertain.

The fierce Invasion soon our Town possess'd,
^m With Sleep and Wine, a double Weight, oppress'd.
 The Guards they kill, and ev'ry Gate unbar,
 And join their conscious Comrades in the War.

'Twas now the Hour, when, full resign'd to Rest,
 Sleep's first soft Blessing sooths the lab'ring Breast.
 O'er-whelm'd with Sorrows, and all bath'd in Tears,
ⁿ Lo! mournful HECTOR to my Dreams appears.

° Such

^m With Sleep and Wine,] This Virgil, undoubtedly, as Fulvius Ursinus has observ'd, borrow'd from Ennius, in the VIIIth Book of his Annals.

Nunc hosteis VINO domitei, Somnoq; sepulitei.
 As, perhaps, before him, Lucretius might have ow'd these two Passages to an Imitation of the same Poet.

Et quæ res nobis vigilantibus obvia menteis
 Terrificet, Morbo affectis, Somnoq; sepultis.
 Lib. I. v. 133.

And,

Sed taciti respectabant, Somnoq; sepulti.
 Lib. V. v. 973.

It does not appear from any Passage in this Book, that the Trojans made a Festival of that last fatal Day, otherwise than in crowning their Altars, and the Statues of their Gods, with Garlands. Servius's Comment, however, is very just upon these Words: — Somno VINOq; sepultam] Somno autem, quia nox erat; VINO, quia Festus Dies. For in the VIth Book of the Æneid, v. 513, where Deiphobus recounts to Æneas the Manner of his being so mangled and massacred, the Luxury of that Day is alluded to.

Namq; ut supremam falsa inter Gaudia noctem
 Egerimus, nōsti: —

You know in what deluding Joys we past
 The Night, that was by Heav'n decreed our last.

Mr. Dryden.

Hyginus, who has given us a short Narrative

(and, perhaps, from our Author, upon whom he wrote a Commentary) of Troy being sack'd, mentions this Circumstance of their having sported, and indulg'd in Wine: *Et ipsi Noctu, Lusu, atq; VINO lassi obdormissent*, &c. And so, in the Agamemnon of Seneca (or whoever else was the Author of it) when that Prince is return'd Home, and Banquets are prepar'd by his Wife in a pretended Joy for his Arrival, Cassandra compares them to the last fatal Festival celebrated by the Trojans.

Epulæ regiâ instructæ Domô,
 Quales fuerunt ultimæ Phrygibus Dapæ,
 Celebrantur.

Such Banquets in the Royal Victor's House
 Are spread, as crown'd our hapless Phrygians'
 Boards,
 Their last pernicious Feast.

And Petronius Arbiter, in that little Poem, which I have already quoted upon the Subject of Laocoon, has closely follow'd the Words of our Poet.

Cum inter sepultos Priamidas nocte & mero
 Danai relaxant claustra, & effundunt viros;

When, 'midst the all-unguarded Sons of Troy,
 Buried in Night and Wine, the Greeks set wide
 Their fraudulent Prison, and pour forth their Force.

ⁿ Lo! mournful HECTOR to my Dreams appears.] *Mæstissimus Hector visus adesse mihi*, says our Poet: and Servius and Donatus agree in thinking,

° Such as he was, when, vanquish'd in the War,
 The Victor dragg'd him lifeless at his Car,
 Black and deform'd with Dust, and mingled Gore ;
 The Thongs seem'd still his swelling Feet to bore.
 Alas ! how to my troubled Eyes estrang'd !
 How from the great, the glorious, HECTOR chang'd !
 When the dread Warriour from the well-fought Field
 Bore back ACHILLES' Spoils, and matchless Shield :
 Or when the GRECIAN Navy felt his Hand,
 And blaz'd with PHRYGIAN Fires along the Strand :
 His flowing Locks, now stiff with clotted Gore,
 Hung rude, behind ; his shaggy Beard, before :
 Deform'd with ev'ry Scar, the Hero round
 Our Walls receiv'd, and many a streaming Wound.
 Spontaneous Tears seem'd from my Eyes to flow,
 And I bespoke the Chief in Terms of Woe.

O fairest Lustre of the DARDAN Day !

TROY's firmest Hope ! Oh, whence this great Delay ?

What

ing, that he design'd this Apparition to *Æneas* but as a Dream. *Benè, visus : quia Somnia videntur tantum, non sunt naturaliter vera.* And though it is said afterwards in express Terms, that *Hector* brings out to *Æneas* the *Vesta*, the sacred Veils, and the eternal Fire ; yet we are to take This only as *Æneas's* Imagination that he did so : for we find him still asleep, and so soon as he is startled from his Slumber by the Noises of the Midnight Assault, he mounts to the Battlements of the Palace, to discover what was the Matter.

*Excussor Somno, & summi fastigia tecti
 Ascensu supero : &c.*

I remember a Passage in *Lucretius*, from which, perhaps, our Poet might have shadow'd both his Expression and Caution, with relation to the Appearance of *Hector's* Ghost.

*Cernere uti videamur eos, audiréq; coram,
 Morte obitâ, quorum Tellus amplectitur Ossa.*
 Lib. I. v. 135.

— She thinks, she spies
 Thin Ghosts in various Shapes about her Bed,
 And seems to hear the Voices of the Dead.
 Mr. Creech.

o Such as he was,] Some of the Translators have rendered this Passage, as if *Æneas* fancied, he

What Shore, so many kindred Heroes slain,
 Could Thee thus long from lab'ring TROY detain ?
 What Cause accurst pollutes thy graceful Brow ?
 Whence do these Wounds, and melting Sorrows, flow ?
 In Silence wrapt, th' unbodied Hero stands ;
 Nor makes Reply to these ill-tim'd Demands :
 But, heav'd with Anguish, not to be suppress'd,
 And deeply groaning from his inmost Breast,
 Fly ! fly ! says he, O Goddess-born ! retire
 Quick from lost TROY, and shun the rapid Fire !
 The Foe possesses the defenceless Walls ;
 And ILIUM, tow'ring, God-built, ILIUM falls.
 Enough's bestow'd ; nor is there more in Fate
 To give to PRIAM, or the DARDAN State.
 In TROY's Defence could mortal Arm avail,
 Defence from Me had fix'd the doubtful Scale.
 Her Gods and Rites She now commends to Thee ;
 Take These the Partners of thy Destiny.

With

he saw the Ghost of *Hector* actually dragg'd at the Tail of *Achilles's* Chariot. The Words of the Original are these.

Raptatus bigis, ut quondam, atérq; cruento Pulvere ; &c.

If I am not deceiv'd, a faulty Punctuation led these Learned Men into this Error. The Comma after *bigis*, in my Opinion, ought to be taken away ; and then the Words will easily admit of this Construction : *Ut quondam fuit quum raptatus bigis* : i. e. He saw him in that Plight, as he was lately in, when dragg'd at

the Chariot ; that is, his Body bloody and dirty ; with the Perforations, which had been made in his Feet ; and with all the Wounds, receiv'd at his Death, impress'd upon him. Had *Æneas* fancied, he saw him prostrate on his Back, and dragging at the Chariot, as they have imagin'd, Nothing could be more preposterous and absurd than the Questions, which our Poet makes *Æneas* ask him. Besides (to wave the Discussion of a Ghost's Powers too closely) how could *Hector* bring forth the Veils, Statues, &c. to *Æneas*, if we are to suppose him in that embarrass'd Situation ?

F

With These that City seek, which, Seas o'er-past,
Potent and high, 'tis Thine to found at last.

¶ He said, and brought from VESTA's inmost Quire
Her Image, Veils, and never-dying Fire.

Mean while the Walls are fill'd with mingled Cries,
And more, and more, the dire Laments arise.
Tho' close retir'd, and girt with Trees around,
Our Palace stood, the distant Horrors wound :
Groans after Groans, and clanging Arms from far,
Clamours of Death, and all the Din of War.
¶ Shook from my Sleep, the Battlements I tread ;
And list attentive to the Peals of Dread.

¶ So

¶ He said, and brought from VESTA's inmost Quire] I have gone along with the Herd of Translators, and rendered this Passage, as if Hector actually brought these holy Implements from their *Penetralia*. But, to deal freely, I understand the Words differently. I don't think the Poet's Construction to be This, *effert ab adytis penetralibus* ; but *manibus effert Vistas, & Vestam, & Ignem in penetralibus adytis æternum*. Besides, as I have already hinted, Æneas sees this Apparition in a Dream : And *effert manibus*, in my Opinion, is to be understood, *efferre visus est* : It seem'd to Æneas, that he produc'd them. But, besides this Objection of an unbodied Essence bearing a material Substance, what could the Ghost do with his hallo'd Burthen ? Æneas could not touch it, for a Reason I shall subjoin immediately. It seem'd to him, therefore, that Hector produced those very Implements, which, we find afterwards, *Panthus*, the Priest, had collected and brought to Æneas's House. — *Sacra manu, victōsq; Deos, &c.* v. 320. *Servius's* Note upon this Passage mainly confirms what I am advancing. *Omnino verum, quod Hector dixerat ; Sacra, fūctq; tibi commendat Troja Penates.* Hector recommends to Æneas to bear away the *Penates* with him from Troy ; and *Panthus*, the Priest, that very Night furnishes him with the Means

of doing it. They are lodg'd at Æneas's Palace ; for *Panthus* accompanies him out to the Night-Skirmishes, and is kill'd. And when Æneas comes back to bear away his Father in Flight with him, he desires the old Man to take the Gods, &c. in his Hand ; because it was not lawful for him to touch them, whose Hands were polluted with War and Slaughter.

*Me Bellō è tanto digressum, & cæde recenti,
Attrectare nefas.* v. 718.

So, in Holy Writ, *David* was not permitted to build the Temple, because *He had been a Man of War, and had shed Blood*. I doubt not, but the Statues of these *Penates* were like the little Images, or *Teraphim*, which *Rachel* stole from her Father *Laban*. These, as the *Rabbi's* tell us, were made by Astrologers, and consulted on future Events ; of a human Form, and endued with celestial Influences, as the Superstition of those Times believed. And of this Sort, as several Authors relate, was the lesser *Palladium* ; made by a learned Philosopher and Mathematician, telestomatically finish'd, and under a prosperous Horoscope. Our *Selden*, in his elaborate Tract *De Diis Syris*, is very copious on these Subjects.

¶ Shook from my Sleep,] How warm and affecting the Narrative now grows upon us, when,

' So when, on Wings of Southern Tempests borne,
 The rapid Flames invade a Field of Corn;
 Or when a Torrent, from the Mountain's Brow,
 Rolls furious on the fruitful Plain below ;
 Despoils the fair Increase, and renders vain
 The Labours of the Ox, the promis'd Grain,

And

when, but a little before, all was quiet, and promised Peace and Security ! It brings to my Mind that surprizing fine Similie in the *Hamlet* of *Shakespeare*.

*But as we often see, against some Storm,
 A Silence in the Heav'ns, the Rack stand still,
 The bold Wind speechless, and the Orb below
 As hush as Death: Anon, the dreadful Thunder
 Doth rend the Region: So, &c.*

Let us take a short View of the Picture drawn by the Poet. The poor deluded *Trojans*, wrought to believe that their Enemies are retir'd from the Siege ; and that the Votive Horse is left by the *Greeks* in Attonement of *Minerva*, for their having borne away the *Palladium* ; rashly make a Breach in one of their principal Gates, and haul this fatal Machine into the Centre of their Town. The Motive of this rash Action, is, a Persuasion, that, if they possess'd themselves of this, it would supply the Uses and Benefits of their *Palladium*. For this Reason, it is introduced with most religious Solemnity : Hymns are sung on the Occasion : The Temples and Altars are crown'd with Garlands : and nothing but Joy, Congratulations, and Feasting, through the whole City. At Night, doubly fatigued with Toil and Pleasure, Every one composes himself to Slumber ; and even the accustomed Vigilance and Guard are neglected. The *Greeks* take this Opportunity, and sail back with their whole Fleet from the Bay of *Tenedos*. The Admiral Galley hangs out her Lights, as a Signal of their Arrival ; and, upon this Notice, *Sidon*, as it was concerted betwixt them, sily opens the Wicket in the Belly of the Horse, and lets out the conceal'd Force of *Greeks*, who kill the sleeping Sentries, and make themselves Masters of the City. *Aeneas*, with the rest, retires to his Repose : but Patriot Cares break in upon his Slumbers. He fancies, he sees the Ghost of *Hector* ; who tells

him, the Enemy have got Possession, and fired the Town : and warns him to be gone, and take the Gods of *Troy* with him, the Partners of his Destiny. No Wonder, if a Dream of such Horror started *Aeneas* from his Sleep. He wakes with the dreadful Impressions strong upon him ; listens, and hears a confus'd Noise of Shouts, Groans, and Outcries, the Sound of Trumpets, and the Clash of Arms. He ascends the Battlements of his Palace, sees his Brother *Deiphobus*'s House burnt to the Ground, and *Ucalegon*'s all in a Flame. 'Twas time to take Arms, in Defence, if possible, of his Family and Country. He collects what little Force he is able, and mixes wherever Tumult and Danger presented. Now, he meets Friends just escap'd from the Sword of the Enemy ; now, he meets Others, whom he takes for Friends, and is environ'd with a Band of Enemies. It is impossible to describe, with what Art and Strength the Poet diversifies the Horrors incident to a Midnight Assault : and therefore I'll pursue the Picture no farther. Mr. *Dryden*, in the short Notes subjoin'd to his Translation of our Poet, takes Notice (but upon what Authority I can't tell) that the Destruction of *Vei* is here shadow'd under that of *Troy* ; and that *Livy*, in his Description of it, seems to have emulated in his Prose, and almost equal'd, the Beauty of *Virgil*'s Verse. 'Tis true, *Livy* has labour'd the Distresses of that Siege, and, no Doubt, copied our Author's Colouring. But why should *Virgil* be shadowing the Destruction of a Town, three hundred and sixty Years before his own Age ? The Siege of *Troy*, indeed, was three times as far back in Time ; but the *Romans* were more interested in that History : As they prided themselves in being descended from the *Trojans* ; and as *Aeneas* was thought to have begun the Foundation of their Empire.

' So when, on Wings of Southern Tempests] I cannot help admiring the Elegance of this fine

And whirls the Woods along : with startled Ears,
 High mounted on some Cliff, the Peasant hears
 The Flood descend, and shakes with unacquainted Fears.

‘ Now plain the Dangers, which had thrill’d my Breast,
 And all the GREEKISH Treach’ry stood confest.
 Already, to the mounting Flames a Prey,
 DEIPHOBUS’ high Dome in Ruins lay :
 Next burns UCALEGON : The Blaze is cast
 Far o’er the broad SIGÆAN wat’ry Waft.
 Shouts, and departing Groans, a blended Sound,
 Swell in the Air, and Trumpets clang around.
 My Sword I feize : Madness and Rage incite,
 Tho’ Reason prompts but faintly to the Fight :
 Yet burns my Soul a Band of Friends to make,
 And at the Fortrefs try our utmost Stake.
 Fury, Despair, drive on : the Battle charms :
 And glorious ’twas, methought, to die in Arms.

Lo!

complicated Similie, tho’ *Macrobius* tells us, that our Poet has jumbled together two of *Homer’s*, but kept up to the Dignity of Neither of them. *Scaliger* is plainly of another Opinion, in his *Poeticks*, Lib. 5. c. 3. *Virgil* himself, we are sure, was so well pleas’d with the double Comparison of Fire and Water to a single Object, that he has repeated, and diversified, it in his 12th *Æn.* v. 521, &c.

*Ac veluti immissi diversis partibus Ignes
 Arentem in Sylvam, & Virgulta sonantia lauro :
 Aut ubi Decursu rapido de montibus altis
 Dant sonitum spumosi Amnes, & in æquora
 currunt,
 Quisq; suum populatus iter : ———*

*As Flames among the lofty Woods are thrown,
 On different Sides, and both by Winds are blown ;*

*The Laurels crackle in the sput’ring Fire,
 The frighted Sylvans from their Shades retire :
 Or, as two neighb’ring Torrents fall from high,
 Rapid, they run : the foamy Waters fry :
 They roll to Sea with unresisted Force,
 And down the Rocks precipitate their Course.*

Mr. Dryden.

But, to return to the Similie, on which this Note is founded. It is very probable, that this might be one of those Passages, which gave Occasion to *Monsieur de la Motte* to say, That he thought *Æneas* by far too great a Poet ; and that he could not help feeling that Impropriety through the Whole of the second and third Books of the *Æneid* ; where the Hero is not less florid and figurative in his Narration, than *Virgil*, the Poet, is in the rest.

[Now plain the Dangers,] It will be necessary to

Lo! rev'rend PANTHUS, OTHRYAS was his Sire,
 Scap'd from the GRECIAN Darts, and spreading Fire,
 APOLLO's Priest, with Relicks in his Hand,
 And Statues of our Gods, a vanquish'd Band,
 His little Grandson hanging at his Vest,
 Posts tow'rd the Shore, with wildest Fears oppress'd.

PANTHUS! How stands our State? What Fortrefs now,
 Whose Walls receive not yet th' invading Foe?
 Scarce had I spoke, when He with Groans reply'd;
 Fall'n are our Honours, and DARDANIA's Pride!
 Her utmost Period, and last Hour is come:
 A fatal, fixt, inevitable Doom!
 ' We once were TROJANS; TROY once rear'd her Head;
 And far around the TEUCRIAN Glories spread.

To

to quote the Words of *Virgil* here, because both the Commentators, and Translators, are disagreed in the Sense and Import of them.

Tum verò manifesta Fides, Danaûmq; patefcunt Insidiæ.

Manifesta Fides] *Non somnij, ut quidam volunt, sed Fraudis Græcorum,* says *Servius*: But would not this be saying the same Thing twice over, in two different Words? And, what is still worse, the first Word must be taken ironically, and the other in its plain, downright, Signification: an Ambiguity, that the Poet would hardly have been guilty of: We have his own Example for a different Conduct, in the IVth *Æneid*, v. 93.

Egregiam verò laudem & spolia ampla refertis Tuq; puerq; tuus; magnum & memorabile nomen, Una Dolo Divûm si fœmina victa duorum est.

High Praises, endless Honours you have won,
 And mighty Trophies with your worthy Son;
 Two Gods a silly Woman have undone.

Mr. Dryden.

For the whole Set of Terms, complimentary in themselves, are turned ironically; and so all Obscurity is avoided. I am therefore of Opinion, with the Ingenious and Learned Dr. Trapp, that we must understand, the Intelligence, given by *Hector* to *Aeneas* in his Dream, was now confirm'd. Or, *manifesta Fides* may relate to the Calamities already denounced by *Cassandra*, tho' her Predictions were not till now credited. Or, considering the loud Alarms, which *Aeneas* heard upon being waken'd, it may very well mean, he wanted no better Testimony, than That of his Ears, to be convinc'd What was the Matter.

t *We once were TROJANS;*] Both *Fulvius Ursinus* and *Erasmus* think, that our Poet had in his Eye here the *Laconic* Song, sung in Chorus, and alternate Responses, by the old Men, the Men in full Vigour, and Youths not yet come to Maturity; each severally picturing out their own State. This seems to me, I confess, too low an Allusion. I rather agree with *Germanus*,

nus,

To ARGOS now stern Jove transfers Renown ;
 And GRECIANS lord it o'er our flaming Town.
 High in our Centre stands the Monster-Horse,
 And from its Womb pours forth a mighty Force.
 Whilst SINON, mingling with the conqu'ring Foes,
 The blazing Brands around, insulting, throws.
 Through our broad Gates a diff'rent Body prefs,
 In Numbers more than ever came from GREECE.
 Each narrow Pass an hostile Guard belay,
 " And with protended Spears oppose our Way.
 At ev'ry Stand a thousand Swords invade,
 And glitter horrid thro' the Flame and Shade.
 O'erpow'r'd, our Sentries scarce ev'n try the Fight,
 And make but blind Resistance in the Night.

Thus by the priestly Son of OTHRYAS fir'd,
 And by the Gods with martial Rage inspir'd,
 Amidst the Flames I rush, and clashing Arms,
 Where Fury calls, and loudest Din alarms.

RIPHEUS

nus, to believe, that he is imitating the Complaints betwixt *Andromache* and *Hecuba*, in the *Troades* of *Euripides*.

'Ανδρ. Πέν πολ' ἡμῖν.

'Εκδ. Βέβαιον ὅλ' ὅ, βέβαιε Τεγία.

Andr. ——— We once were happy.

Hecub. But Happiness is past, and Troy's no more.

u And with protended Spears] i.e. stretch'd forward in a Readiness to be thrown: This *Milton* has

express'd by the two Terms, *couch'd*, and *portend*, Spears. Mr. *Dryden*, I think, has somewhere used, *protended*: We have, at least, the Authority of our Author, for the Expression.

————— *Hastasq; reductis*
 Protendunt longè dextris.

Æneid XI. v. 605.

And *Ovid* gives us the Adjective:

————— *Protentatq; forti*
Tela tenent dextrâ, latò vibrantia ferrò.

Metam. l. VIII. v. 341.

RIPHEUS and IPHITUS, a gallant Pair,
 And HYPANIS and DYMAS, Sons of War,
 And brave COROEBUS, in his Youth's best Pride,
 By Moon-light join, and gather to my Side :
 He, MYGDON'S Son, by fatal Passion led,
 In that ill Hour, * fought fair CASSANDRA'S Bed.
 Enamour'd of the royal Virgin's Charms,
 He aided TROY, and PRIAM, with his Arms.
 Unhappy Youth ! who would not lend an Ear
 To the prophetic Warnings of the Fair.

When I the small, collected, Band beheld,
 Daring of Soul, and panting for the Field,
 I took the Hint of their heroick Strain,
 And said, O brave-of Heart ! but brave in vain !
 If you are fix'd to try the stern Debate,
 In following One who dares the worst of Fate,

Our

——— x fought fair CASSANDRA'S Bed.]
 What our Poet says here, of *Coræbus* suing for
Cassandra in Marriage, is borrow'd from *Homer*,
 as *Macrobius* has observed, who tells us the
 same Story of *Othryoneus*, a *Thracian* Prince.

“Ὅς ῥα νέον πολέμοιο μετὰ κλέῳ εἰληλίθει.
 *Ἦντες δὲ Πειράμοιο θυγατρὶν εἰδοὶ δέισιν
 Κασάνδρῳ, ἀνδρόνῳ. Il. v. v. 364, &c.

Call'd by the Voice of War to martial Fame,
 From high Cabesus' distant Walls he came ;
 Cassandra's Love he sought with Boasts of Pow'r,
 And promis'd Conquest was the proffer'd Dow'r.
 Mr. Pope.

Pausanias, however, in his *Phocæics* (upon the
 Authority of our Poet, I presume) tells us, that
Coræbus came to *Troy*, and solicited the Mar-
 riage of *Cassandra*. *Euphorion*, *Lucian*, *Servius*,

and a Number of other Authors, have left us
 this *Coræbus* on Record for a most stupid Fel-
 low. *Eustathius*, methinks, gives us the strongest
 Instance of his being a Fool, in his coming the
 very last Man to the Relief of *Troy*, when it
 was past all Succour. *Homer's Othryoneus* does
 not seem much behind him in Point of Sense,
 or, rather, in the Want of it. He comes and
 demands *Cassandra* of *Priam* in Marriage ; of-
 fers to settle no Dowry on her, as the Usage
 of those Times exacted ; but, full of Self-suf-
 ficiency, in lieu of it, promises to oblige the
 Greeks to raise the Siege in sight of their
 Teeth. *Virgil*, however, has judiciously thrown
 all *Coræbus's* Folly into Shade ; though *Servius*
 thinks, he points at it, in putting this Questi-
 on into his Mouth, — *Dolus an Virtus, quis*
in hoste requirat ? For all Victory, says he,
 gain'd by Fraud, is base and disreputable.

Our woeful Plight you see : ' The Gods, in Whom
Our Empire stood, resign us to our Doom,
And from their Altars fly : Your gen'rous Aim
Is to relieve a City sunk in Flame.

Then let us die ; and, to the Victors' Cost,
Rush to the thickest War : The Vanquish'd boast
No Safety but to deem all Safety lost.

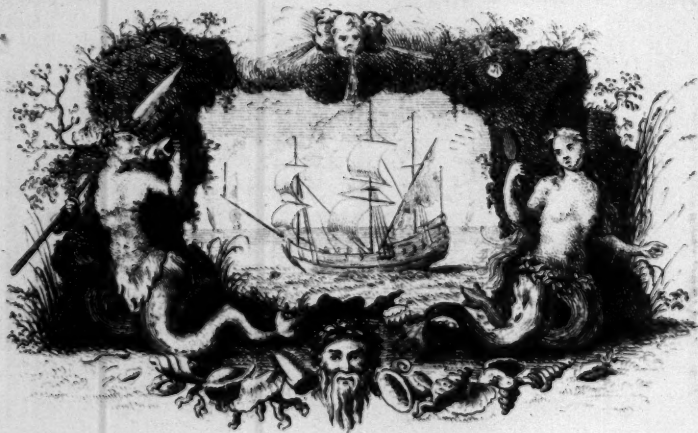
y ————— The Gods, in Whom
Our Empire stood, resign us to our Doom,
No body, it seems, had enquired before *Macrobius's* Time, from whence this Passage was borrow'd by our Poet ; but he directs us to the Fountain-head. *Constat illum de Euripide traxisse, qui in Fabulâ Troadibus inducit Apollinem, cum Troja capienda esset, ita dicentem :*

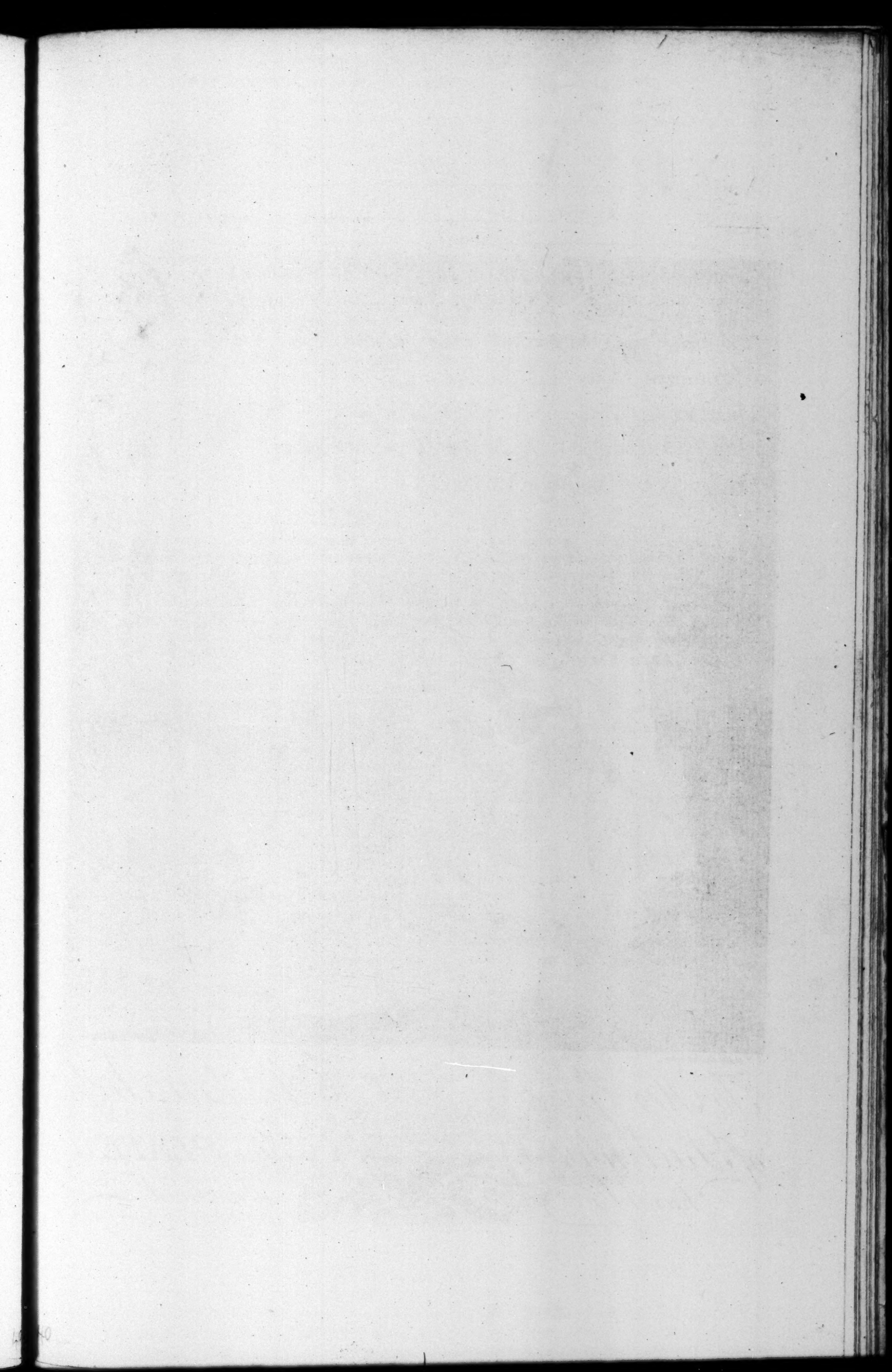
Ἐγὼ δὲ (νικῶμαι) δὲ Ἀργείας θεῶ
Ἦγες, Ἀθήνας θ', αἱ συνεξέλλον Φρύγας)
Λάβω τὸ κλεινὸν Ἴλιον, βωμές τ' ἐμῆς.

But I (for Pallas and the Argive Juno,
Who have subverted Troy, o'ercome my Might)
Ilium once-fam'd, and my own Altars, quit.

By the Way, either *Macrobius* made a Slip in Memory here, or his Transcribers have palm'd one upon him. *Euripides* has no such Character as *Apollo* in his *Troades* : We must therefore read, *inducit Neptunum, &c.* For it is *Neptune*, who prologizes in that Play, and who speaks the Verses above quoted. *Servius* tells us, the Besiegers of any Town, before they made their Assault, solemnly call'd on the Deities to quit the Place : for so, they conceiv'd, they avoided the Guilt of Sacrilege. And *Macrobius* gives us two remarkable Forms of these solemn Evocations ; and gives us two Reasons for the Custom : Ei-

ther, that the Town could not be taken, till its Tutelary Gods were withdrawn ; or, that it was a Profanation to take the Deities Prisoners. *Æschylus*, who wrote before *Euripides*, makes *Eteocles* say, in his *Seven Captains before Thebes*, That it was the Opinion, that the Gods withdrew themselves from a City that was to be storm'd. And the Scholiast upon that Poet (in speaking of a Play of *Sophocles*, call'd, *Ξοανηφόροι*, or, *The Image-bearers*) gives us a droll Account of the *Trojans' Gods* being seen by the People to bear away their own Images on their Backs. When *Alexander the Great* besieged *Tyre*, *Apollo* appeared to many of the City in their Dreams ; and warn'd them of his Purpose to withdraw himself from their Cause : to prevent which, as they supposed, they bound fast his Statue in a golden Chain. I will only observe further upon this Custom, from a Phrase used in Holy Writ. When *Saul* had offended God, and applied to the *Witch of Endor*, he complains to the Apparition of *Samuel*, that the *Philistines* made War against him, and God was departed from him : καὶ ὁ θεὸς ἈΦΕΣΤΗΚΕΝ ἀπ' ἐμοῦ, says the *Septuagint*. The Word ἀφέντηκεν seems as equivalent, as may be, to *Excessere* in our Poet. The Spirit and Assistance of God were withdrawn from *Saul*, as the Gods, worship'd in *Troy*, were supposed to withdraw themselves before its Destruction.







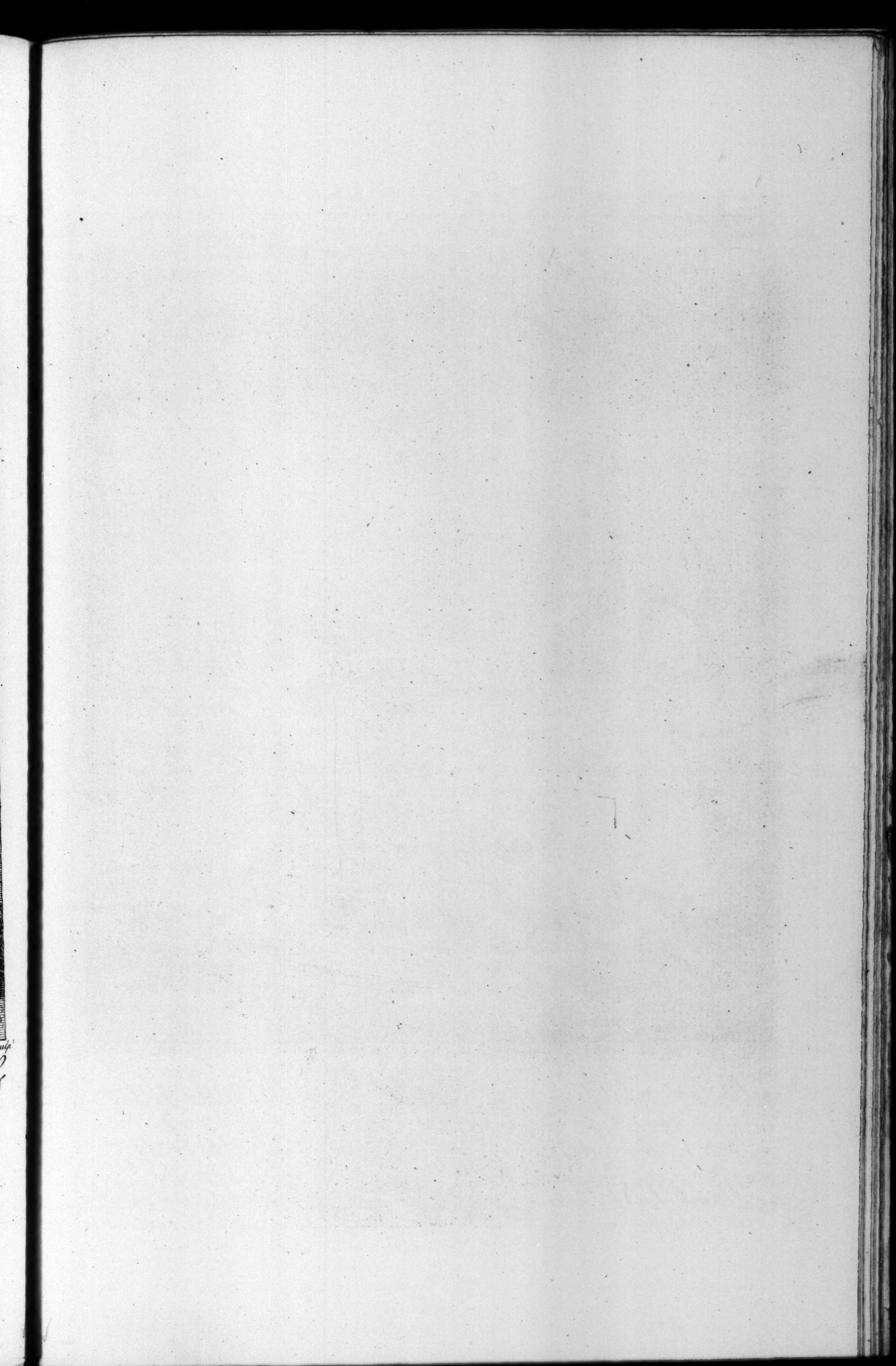
J. Nicholls inv. et delin.

J. Toms sculp.

To Her Grace
of Richmond
humbly



The Dutchess
This **PLATE** is
Inscribed

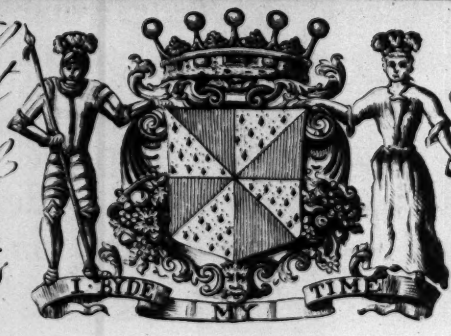




J. Nicholls inv. et delin.

Donis Sculp.

*To the Right
The Earl of
This PLATE is*



*Honourable
Loudon
humbly Inscribed.*



THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.
CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS, and the little Body, that had join'd him, animated by Rage, and desperate of Fortune, range through the Middle of the assaulted, flaming, City; and offer themselves to every Danger. The Streets, the Houses, and the very Temples are covered with dead Bodies. Androgeus, a Grecian Commander, with his Band, falls in with Æneas and his Party, and, in the Dark, mistakes them for Friends: so is surrounded, and cut to Pieces. Coræbus, flush'd with this Advantage, advises to strip the slaughter'd Enemy, and equip themselves with the Grecian Armour and Weapons. This Stratagem is the Source of many Mistakes; some, fatal; and some, to their Advantage. Unknown by the Grecians, they have the Opportunity of mixing with, and oppressing, them: Unknown by their own People, they are assaulted by them from the Battlements. Coræbus, and many more of Æneas's Followers are kill'd, in attempting to rescue Cassandra from the Greeks. Æneas, hoping to re-inforce Priam, finds the Court storm'd,
G and

and in Possession of the Enemy. Pyrrhus, Agamemnon, and Menelaus help in Person to assault and despoil the Regal Palace. Hecuba, the old Queen, and all her Train of Daughters, take Shelter at the Altar of Jupiter Herceus. The aged King puts on his Armour, but is restrain'd from making any Attempts by his Queen; who obliges him likewise to take Sanctuary at the Altar. Pyrrhus, in Pursuit of Polites, a Young Son of Priam, kills him in the Sight of his Father. This Spectacle of Horror rouses the old King to such a Rage, that he insults Pyrrhus for it, and plucks his own Death upon himself from the exasperated Victor. Æneas, who was an unhappy Spectator of this last Scene of Distress, recollecting now the Danger of his own aged Father and Family, retires instantly to their Rescue.



HUS burns fresh Wrath in each young
Warriour's Breast;

^a And thence, like Wolves (that, with
fierce Hunger prest,

Prowl blindly thro' the Gloom: the ra-
vag'd Food

Their Whelps the while expect, and thirst
for Blood:)

Thro' Darts, thro' Spears, and Squadrons of the Foe,
To Death scarce doubtful, firm of Soul, we go.

Thro'

^a *And thence, like Wolves,*] *Macrobius*, and *Fulvius Urfinus* have quoted two different Passages in *Homer*, from whence, they think, our Author borrow'd this Comparison: but Neither of them seem to me to square in Resemblance. The Learned *Dr. Trapp* has made a very rea-
sonable Objection to this Similie. He cannot imagine, " why Men of Courage and Virtue
" endeavouring to defend their Country, tho'
" by Night, should be compar'd to Wolves ra-
" vening for their Prey. There is nothing but
" the Darknes of the Night common to Both,
" and

Thro' the mid Town our desp'rate Path we made ;
Night hovers round us with its hollow Shade.

^b Who can the Slaughter of that Night explain ?

What Words express the Horrors of the Slain ?

Who, inly touch'd with agonizing Woe,

Bid Tears, proportion'd to those Sorrows, flow ?

The

" and that is a Circumstance not considerable
" enough to support all the rest." I will ven-
ture to advance one Observation more, as my
private Opinion, and with all due Deference to
the Poet ; That he might better, perhaps, have
stopt short in his Similie, and retrench'd this
Circumstance ;

catuliq; relictis
Faucibus expectant siccis :

There is no Conformity betwixt Men in Anger
going forth to carve out Revenge for themselves,
and Wolves in Hunger prowling after Prey for
themselves, and their famish'd Cubs.

^b *Who can the Slaughter of that Night explain ?*
This, as *Fulvius Ursinus* has observed, seems to
be copied from *Homer*.

τίς κεν ἐκείνα
πάντα γὰρ μνησάμενος κατὰ θυγνῶν ἀνδράπων ;
Od. γ. v. 113.

What more can I relate ?
How trace the tedious Series of our Fate ?

Mr. Pope.

I cannot help recollecting upon this Occasion,
with how much Address the ingenious Mr.
Frowde has turn'd his Master *Virgil* to Account,
in a single Speech of his Tragedy of *Philotas*.
He has brought together so many different and
disjoin'd Passages, and wrought them in to his
own Purpose, that it shews, like *Virgil*, he knows
how to imitate, without incurring the Imputa-
tion of a Plagiary. The Testimony will lie ve-
ry evident, upon a Comparison of the Passages
alluded to.

Arfac. ——— 1 *A Grief too mighty*
For Words, fair Princess, your Commands renew :
2 *Yet, as I may, I shall obey your Pleasure.*

3 'Twere needless to recount the midnight Hour,
In which the fatal last Assault was made ;
Or how the Greeks, 4 whether by Force or Fraud,
Enter'd the Gates. 5 Not with more Rage the
Torrent,

That foaming roars impetuous o'er its Mounds,
Covers the Fields, and marks its Way with Ruin.

6 Then Horror, dress'd in its most grisly Form,
Was seen, and Havock reign'd in ev'ry Quarter.

7 There dying Soldiers groan, while in their Turns
The Victors with the Vanquish'd bite the Ground.

8 There venerable Matrons, screaming Maids,
With Hands uplifted, begg'd in vain for Pity.

9 That dismal Sight soon banish'd other Cares,
And dear *Artesia* took up all my Soul.

10 I ran, I flew, to die or to protect her :

11 But neither was my Fate. Too rigid Heaven
Denied me ev'n the Privilege of Death.

12 Witness, ye Gods ! My cruel Foes attest,
If I not well deserv'd it from your Swords !

1 *Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*

2 *Sed, si tantus Amor casus cognoscere nostros,*
Incipiam.

3 *Quis cladem illius Nolitis, quis funera fando*
Explicit, aut possit lacrymis æquare labores ?

4 — *Dolus an Virtus, quis in hoste requirat ?*

5 *Non sic aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus annis*
Exiit, oppositâsq; evicit gurgite moles,
Fertur in arva furens cumulo, campôsq; per omnes
Cum stabulis armenta trahit.

6 ——— *crudelis ubique*
Luctus, ubique pavor, & plurima mortis imago.

7 ——— *nec soli pœnas dant sanguine Teucri :*
Quondam etiam victis redit in præcordia Virtus,
Victorêsq; cadunt Danaï.

8 *At domus interior gemitu, miserôq; tumultu,*
Miscetur ; penitusq; cavæ plangoribus ædes
Fœmineis ululant.

Crinibus a Templo Cassandra, adytisq; Minervæ,

G 2

Ad

The Great, Imperial, City rushes down ;
 ' Empress of Ages, bright in fresh Renown !
 Thro' ev'ry Street the Dead in Heaps are strew'd,
 And thro' the Fanes of ev'ry DARDAN God.
 Nor Blood alone the thirsty Sword distains
 Stream'd from our Side, and pour'd from TEUCRIAN Veins ;
 By turns, our Breasts re-kindling Virtue warms ;
 And the proud Victor sinks beneath our Arms.
 In ev'ry Quarter, Groans, and pallid Fear,
 And varying Forms of ghastly Death appear.

First of the Foe, that gave our Arms the Stand,
 Advanc'd ANDROGEUS, with a num'rous Band :
 The erring Chief mistakes us for Allies,
 And frankly thus, in friendly Terms, applies.

Haft, Brothers of the War ! What slow Delay
 Retards you thus, while others snatch the Prey ?
 Crouds, after Crouds, TROY's burning Plunder share ;
 From the tall Ships do you but now repair ?

He

- Ad cælum tendens ardentia lumina frustra.*
 9 *At me tum primum sævus circumstetit horror ;*
Obstupui : subiit cari genitoris imago :
——— subiit deserta Cræusa.
 10 *Non tulit hanc speciem furiatâ mente Corcebus,*
Et sese medium injecit moriturus in Agmen.
Stat casus renovare omnes :
——— & rursus caput objectare periclis.
 11 *Diis aliter visum :*
 12 *Iliaci cineres, & flamma extrema meorum,*
Testor, in Occasu vestro, nec tela, nec ulla
Vitavisse vices Danaûm ; & si Fata fuissent
Ut caderem, meruisse manu.

c Empress of Ages,] Our Poet says, *multos dominata per Annos* ; which is speaking very modestly, and yet confining its Antiquity to no definite Number of Years. Nor was the Duration of its Dominion, according to the most general Accounts, very extensive : rather, indeed, it was an Empire of a contracted Period. For *Troy* is thought to have been built by *Dardan*, about the Year of the World, 2574 ; and it was destroy'd by the *Greeks*, about the Year, 2870 : so that the Interval of its flourishing State makes but 296 Years. Again ; according to *Lydiat's* Calculation, it was destroy'd

He said, and strait, ^d no friendly Answer made,
 Found his rash Steps to circling Foes betray'd ;
 With instant Terror and Surprise possess'd,
 At once his Foot and Accents he repress'd.
^e Like One, who unawares 'midst Thorns should tread
 The lurking Snake, and back recoils with Dread,
 While, stung with Rage, her swelling Neck she rears ;
 So starts ANDROGEUS, pierc'd with sudden Fears.
 Thick with our Arms we close the Wretches round ;
 Chill'd with Affright, and Strangers to the Ground,
 An easy Prey they fall. Fair Fortune speeds
 This first Exploit, and crowns our hardy Deeds.

Flush'd with Success, and heighten'd into Pride,
 The young COROEBUS thus, exulting, cry'd ;
 Fellows in Arms ! Oh, where Fate's first kind Ray
 To Hope and Safety points the prosp'rous Way,
 Let us pursue : Change we our Shields, and bear
 Their Helmets, Crests, and Impress in the War.

Who

froy'd as early as the Year of the World,
 2796 : which reduces the Continuance of its
 Empire to 222 Years. What shall we say then
 to *Servius's* Comment upon the Passage before us ?
Urbs antiqua,] *Quia duobus millibus octingentis*
annis regnasse firmatur. This is a monstrous
 Disproportion in Time, betwixt Two thousand
 and eight hundred Years, and three Centuries
 at the most. I could advance several Con-
 jectures to solve this Difficulty, and account for
Servius's Calculation, but I think it safer to say
 with our Author ;

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.

I will not take upon me to decide so nice
 a Controversy.

^d — no friendly Answer made,] We are not
 to understand by this, that the Trojans replied
 either in a gruff or insulting Manner : rather,
 that they made no Reply at all. And there
 were two Reasons for their Silence : If they had
 spoke, they would have been discovered by their
 barbarous Accents ; and they could not return
 the *Symbolum*, or Watch-word, which is given
 in all Camps, by which One Party is distin-
 guish'd from Another, and a Surprise from an
 Enemy prevented.

^e Like One, who unawares] If there was Rea-
 son to complain of the Similie, which presents
 itself at the Beginning of this Canto, for Im-
 propriety ; we have here One, which repays
 that

Who questions Fraud, or Valour, in a Foe ?
 The Arms we want, behold ! their Slain bestow.
 This said, ANDROGEUS' Helmet he assumes,
 Resplendent in its Crest, and waving Plumes ;
 The rich-grav'd Shield he to his Arm apply'd,
 And flung the ARGIVE Faulchion by his Side.
 RIPHEUS, and DYMAS, and the youthful rest
 Their Limbs in unacquainted Mail invest.
 Mixt with the Foe ^f we march, with ill Presage,
 And, 'midst the Gloom, in many a Fight engage.
 Crouds of their Host lie welt'ring now in Gore :
 Some seek the Ships, and Some the well-known Shore :
 In baser Consternation, Part repair
 Back to the Horse, and trembling shelter there.
 Alas ! 'tis vain for Mortals to contend,
 Unless the mighty Gods their Toils befriend.

With

that Defect by the strictest Propriety. This is likewise borrow'd from *Homer*, with a Circumstance of Advantage to our Author in Point of Justness ; in that, the Man, who treads on a Serpent, and enrages him, has more Reason to be alarmed, than Another, who only sees a Serpent, unprovok'd, rustling forth from a Coppice. The first Serpent, from Instinct and innate Resentment, would turn and revenge himself ; the Other, from the same Instinct, run away, and take Shelter.

Ὡς δ' ὅτε τις τε δράκοντα ἰδὼν παλίνορος ἀπίσσει
 οὐρεσιν ἐν βήσσει, ὑπὸ τε τρέμου ἔλλαβε γῆρα,
 ἂν τ' ἀνεχώρησεν, ὥχρη τε μὴ εἰλε παρὰ δ'.

Il. γ. v. 33.

As when some Shepherd, from the rustling Trees
 Shot forth to View, a scaly Serpent sees ;

*Trembling, and pale, he starts with wild Affright,
 And, all-confus'd, precipitates his Flight.*

Mr. Pope.

The ingenious *Monsieur de Segrais* gives it as his Opinion, that as *Virgil* has already so copiously describ'd the Serpents, which kill'd *Laocon* and his Sons, and as he afterwards compares *Pyrrhus* to a Serpent, that has cast his Slough, the Similie, now before us, might very well be retrench'd ; it making too frequent a Repetition of the same Image. He allows it to be short, natural, and well express'd ; but as it conveys a Sameness of Idea, and as this Book has, besides, many other beautiful Similies, he thinks, it might be spared.

^f ——— we march, with ill Presage,] The Words of the Original here are ambiguous, and subject to different Interpretations, *haud Numine*

With Hair dishevell'd, lo! from PALLAS' Shrine
 CASSANDRA's dragg'd, of PRIAM's royal Line ;
 Lifting to Heav'n her glaring Eyes in vain :
 Her Eyes ; for Bonds her tender Hands restrain.
 The killing Sight COROEBUS could not bear ;
 And, fix'd on Death, flies furious to the War.
 Fir'd by the youthful Chief, like him we glow ;
 Rush in, and charge the thickest of the Foe.

From the high Fane a Show'r of Darts descends ;
 Here first we perish by the Hands of Friends.
 The fatal Slaughter from Mistake arose ;
 Our borrow'd Arms and Crests proclaim us Foes.
 Now, with collected Force, the GREEKS invade ;
 Stung with Resentment for the rescued Maid.
 Th' ATRIDÆ Both, and, fierce beyond the rest,
 AJAX, and all DOLOPIA's Host infest.

g As when the adverse Winds their Battles wage,
 And ZEPHYRUS, and NOTUS, loud engage,

And

mine nostro : i. e. with the Gods against us, in general ; or, without our own peculiar Gods. For, as *Servius* observes, the *Greeks* bore, for the Impress of their Shields, the Portraiture of *Nep-tune* ; and the *Trojans*, that of *Minerva* : so that, by the Change of Arms, they had changed their Gods. *Nonius Marcellus*, who quotes the Word *Numen*, as used in this Passage by our Author, says, it is put *pro Ornatu* : which strikes in with the last Interpretation. We are told likewise by *Xenophon*, that the *Greeks* of a later Age distinguish'd themselves by particular Letters engrav'd on their Shields : The *Lacedæ-*

monians bore Λ ; the *Peloponnesians*, Π ; and the *Sicyonians* Σ . So amongst the *Romans*, a Contest arising betwixt the Soldiers of *Marius* and *Catulus*, about the Merit of the Victory obtain'd by them in Conjunction against the *Cimbri* ; the dead Bodies of the Enemy were search'd, and the Darts, which were sent from *Catulus's* Soldiers, were found to have his Name inscrib'd on them. Both these Instances are taken Notice of by Mr. *Ogilby* in his Notes on our Poet. g As when the adverse Winds] This Similie, as *Fulvius Urfinus* observes, is imitated from *Homer* : And *Macrobius* quotes it as One of Those,

And EURUS, joyous with his Eastern Steeds ;
 The Forests groan, and bend their shatter'd Heads :
 While foamy NEREUS with his Trident raves,
 And from the Bottom heaves the boiling Waves.
 Those too, whom, scatter'd, in the Gloom of Night
 We drove, and put by Stratagem to Flight,
 Rally afresh : They first the Cheat explore ;
 And mark our Accents, and the Arms we bore.
 Crush'd down by Crouds, now fast our Fates we meet ;
 First falls COROEBUS at PENELEUS' Feet,
 Before the Warriour-Goddes's Altar slain ;
^h RIPHEUS next drops upon th' ensanguin'd Plain :
 A Man more just, more strict to Nature's Laws,
 Drew not the Sword in vanquish'd ILIUM's Cause.
 Yet, Heav'n so pleas'd, beneath the Foe he bends ;
 And HYPANIS and DYMAS, stabb'd by Friends,
 Fall in the erring Fray : Nor could thy great,
 Thy matchless Piety retard thy Fate,

O PANTHUS !

Those, in which *Virgil* has not kept up to the
 Dignity of the Greek Poet.

Ὅς δ' ἄνεμος δύο πόντον δέινετον ἰχθυόεντα,
 Βορέης καὶ Ζέφυρος, τὼ τε Θρήκηθεν ἄντον,
 Ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπίνης ἄμυδις δέ τε κύμα κελαινὸν
 Κορβύεται, πολλὰν δὲ παρὲξ ἄλαφύον ἔχδαν·
 Ὅς ἐδάσζετο θυμὸς ἐνὶ σήθασιν Ἀχαιῶν.

*As from its cloudy Dungeon issuing forth,
 A double Tempest of the West and North
 Swells o'er the Sea, from Thracia's frozen Shore,
 Heaps Waves on Waves, and bids th' Ægean roar ;*

*This Way, and that, the boiling Deep's are tost :
 Such various Passions urg'd the troubled Host.*

Mr. Pope.

^h RIPHEUS next drops] *Germanus* has con-
 jectur'd, as *Mr. Ogilby* takes Notice, that *Riphe-*
us, whom the Poet feigns to have been a *Tro-*
jan, might be a particular Friend to *Virgil*, who
 therefore, in Gratitude, eternizes his Name : As,
Herodotus tells us in his *Life of Homer*, that
 Poet in his *Odyssey* has perpetuated the Name of
Mentor, who was his Contemporary, and by
 whom he was cured of the Infirmary in his
 Eyes.

O PANTHUS ! nor APOLLO's sacred Wreath
Shield from the Arrows of unerring Death.

You ruin'd Piles, you last devouring Flame !
i Witness, ye Shades of Heroes, once of Name !
That, in your Fall, I fought no shameful Flight ;
Met Arms with Arms, nor e'er declin'd the Fight :
And had not Heav'n decreed a longer Date,
This Hand of mine had merited my Fate.

Now from the fatal Combate are we torne,
To distant Scenes of fiercer Danger borne ;
I speed, by IPHITUS and PELIAS join'd ;
Deep in the Vale of Years, the First, declin'd :
And PELIAS, wounded by ULYSSES' Spear,
Falt'ring in Strength, went limping to the War.
From PRIAM's Palace call the dread Alarms,
The Bray of Tumult, and the Clash of Arms ;
As busie Death from other Parts were fled,
And here alone the labour'd Battle bled :
MARS, all unconquer'd, so maintains his Ground ;
By clust'ring GREEKS the Dome invested round.

To

Eyes. The Historian likewise describes *Mentor* to be a Man of singular Integrity ; as *Virgil* paints his *Ripheus*.

i Witness, ye Shades of Heroes,] *Tasso*, in his *JERUSALEM freed*, I can't say, has imitated, but translated this Passage almost Word for Word.

*Voi chiamo in Testimonio, O del mio caro
Signor sangue ben sparso, e nobil Offa,
Ch' all' hor non fui de la mia Vita avaro,
Nè schivai ferro, nè schivai percossa ;*

*E se piaciuto pur fosse là sopra,
Ch' io vi morissi, il meritai con l'opra.*

Canto VIII. St. 24.

*Witness, dear Remnants of my Master slain,
The Blood, which flow'd with Honour on the
Plain,
That still I've not been sparing of my Life,
Declin'd no Sword, nor shun'd the dang'rous
Strife ;*

H

And

To its high Roofs up climb a Throng of Foes,

^k And safe beneath their tortois'd Bucklers rose.

Close-grappled to the Walls, in Rows ascend

The Ladders ; and their scaling Steps befriend.

On the left Arm their Shields oppos'd they rear,

So ward the Tempest of the missive War ;

And, as they upward urge the desp'rate Fight,

Grasp the firm Turrets with their daring Right.

The Roofs and Turrets from their Seats we rend,

And downward on the bold Assailants send.

The rich-gilt Beams we from their Girders raze,

And hurl the Pomp and Pride of happier Days.

Fixt in their Stands, a num'rous Guard below

Defend each Portal from the pressing Foe.

Renew'd in Soul, Distress fresh Vigour lends

The regal Dome to save, and aid our Friends.

^l A stealthy Pass there was, and Postern blind,

That led to all th' Apartments from behind ;

Thro'

*And had it been in Fate that I should bleed,
Death I provok'd by many a hardy Deed.*

^k *And safe beneath their tortois'd Bucklers rose.* I don't know, whether I have not first ventur'd to coin this Epithet, *tortois'd*. I hope it may pass current, like the Coin mention'd by Horace, *Signatum præsente notâ*. However, it is very well known, that both the Greeks and Romans, in the Assault of any Town or Fortrefs, had a defensive Invention (call'd by the Former, *Χελών* ; by the Latter, *Testudo*) which took its Name from its covering and sheltering the Soldiers, as a Tortoise is covered by its

Shell: For by their Targets being lock'd one within another, and advanced over their Heads, they marched up to the very Walls under so firm an artificial Roof, that the Stones, and other missive Weapons, sent down upon them from the Besieged, were easily carried off, and render'd ineffectual. *Diodorus Siculus* supposes this Invention as early as the Trojan War, and then first put in Practice.

^l *A stealthy Pass there was, and Postern blind,* Monsieur de Segrain has given us a few very nice, and critical Observations upon this Passage ; which set the Art and Address of our Poet in

Thro' which, full oft, whilst yet surviv'd our TROY,
 With young ASTYANAX, the princely Boy,
 Distrest ANDROMACHE her Progress made,
 And the unpompous, private, Visit paid:
 At PRIAM's Knee the blooming Child would place,
 And cheer his Grandame with her HECTOR's Race.
 Thro' This the Summit of the Dome I gain,
 Whence wretched TROY dealt out her Darts in vain:
 A leaning Tow'r, which Sky-invading stands,
 And royal TROY's extended View commands,
 From whence the wide Encampments of the Foe,
 And all their Navies, are survey'd below,
 With Steel we batter, where disjointed lie
 Th' unmortis'd Beams, and push it from on high.
 The pond'rous, sounding, Ruin swift descends;
 And buries Squadrons far as it extends:
 But Others soon succeed, renew th' Alarms,
 Hurl Show'rs of Stones, and ev'ry Kind of Arms.

Just

in a fine Point of Light, and therefore I'll subjoin an Abstract of his Criticism. The Palace of Priam being strongly beleaguer'd and invested, before Æneas can enter to its Relief; he is driven to a Necessity of stealing in with his Party at a Postern, either deserted, or undiscover'd: thro' which, they ascend to an old Tower, and push the Battlements of it down upon the Enemy. These are Circumstances, says he, of so low a Nature in themselves, as not to admit of being embellish'd, or wrought up to the Dignity of Heroic. Virgil was conscious of this Objection; and happily found the Means of heightening, and cloathing, both Circumstances by the Help

of Fiction. To elevate the Affair of the blind Postern, he feigns, that thro' this Gate and Passage, in the Times of her Prosperity, Andromache was used to lead her young Astyanax to visit his old Grandfire Priam. By this Image, noble and elevated in itself, and full of Tendernefs, the Lowness of the Circumstance, with regard to the Postern, is avoided and lost. To elevate the Affair of the old mouldring Tower, being push'd down, which conveys but a mean Idea, he as happily feigns, that from thence they could take a Prospect of all Troy, discover the Camp and Motions of the Enemy, and survey the Extent of their whole

H 2

Fleet.

Just on the Cell, in burnisht Armour bright,
 PYRRHUS exults, and rages for the Fight.
^m(As when a Snake, with noxious Herbage fed,
 Rises emergent from his wintry Bed,
 Where, swoll'n with Venom, long inearth'd he lay;
 His Slough now cast, restor'd to vernal Day,
 He shines in Youth renew'd: his sparkling Crest
 High to the Sun he rears, and crimson Chest:
 Wanton, erect, his Spires he rolls along,
 And vibrates Fury from his forky Tongue.)
 With him unweildy PERIPHAS came on,
 And, skillful at the Steed, AUTOMEDON;
 Who tended still ACHILLES in the Field,
 Who drove his Chariot, and sustain'd his Shield.

Round

Fleet. This, again, is giving the old Turret a Significance, which makes its Demolition to be consider'd with Regret and Pity; and quite turns off every Thought of Ridicule, arising from the Manner of its Tumbling.

I observed, after I had drawn out this Note, that Dr. Trapp has likewise touch'd upon *Monsieur de Segrain's* Criticism.

^m (As when a Snake,] This Similie, as Macrobius and Fulvius Ursinus have observed, is copied from Homer.

Ὡς δὲ δεικνὼν ἐπὶ χειρὶ ὀρέσσει ἀνδρὰ μένησι,
 Βεβρωκὸς κατὰ φάρμακ', ἔδυσ δὲ τὴν χόλος αἰνὸς,
 Σμερδαλέον δὲ δέδορκεν ἐλιωόμενον περὶ χειρῶν.

Il. χ. v. 93.

So, roll'd up in his Den, the swelling Snake
 Beholds the Traveller approach the Brake,
 When, fed with noxious Herbs, his turgid Veins
 Have gather'd half the Poisons of the Plains,
 He burns, he stiffens with collected Ire;
 And his red Eye-balls glare with living Fire.

Mr. Pope.

Virgil, 'tis obvious, according to his Custom, improves upon his Original by the Superaddition of some delicate Circumstances. Ariosto, in his *Orlando furioso*, has copied this Similie from Virgil.

Come uscito di tenebre Serpente,
 Poich' a lasciato ogni Squalor vetusto,
 Del nuovo Scoglio altiero, e che s'è sente
 Ringiovenito, e più che mai robusto:
 Tre lingue vibra, E ha ne gli occhi fuoco:
 Dovunque passa, ogn' Animal da fuoco.

Canto XVII. St. II.

Most like a Serpent fierce, that bath of late
 His old Skin cast, and left it in the Wood,
 Rejoicing now of his renewed State,
 Of his fresh Strength, his young and lusty Blood:
 He shews his forked Tongues, and comes apace;
 And ev'ry Beast, that sees him, gives him Place.

Sir J. Harrington.

Ariosto, in the Canto above alledged, has taken too many Descriptions from this Book of our Author's, to fall within the Compass of my Notes.

Round the young Chief his SCYRIAN Bands advance,
 And follow chearful, as he points the Lance.
 Fierce, they invade; and, with relentless Hands,
 Toss to the lofty Roofs the flaming Brands.
 Himself his Wrath among the foremost pours,
 Wields the strong Battle-ax, and bursts the Doors.
 Cleft through, tough Beams and knotty Timbers lie;
 And brazen Pillars from their Hinges fly.
 Wide yawns the batter'd Dome; and far within,
 Thro' window'd Chasms, the long-extended Courts are seen;
 Those wide Apartments, and those Rooms of State,
 Where PRIAM, and his great Fore-fathers fate;
 And the arm'd Guards, that at the Threshold wait.

" From Roofs yet more retir'd shrill Clamours rise,
 The Shrieks of Virgins mixt with Matrons' Cries:

The

Notes. I will therefore return to *Homer* and *Virgil*, and subjoin one Observation on the two Poets in the Similie before us; because none of the Commentators, that I can find, have touch'd upon it. *Virgil* speaks of the Serpent, *mala gramina pastus*, as if poisonous Herbs were his ordinary and constant Diet: *Homer*, I think, with more Propriety, and a more intimate Knowledge of Nature, mentions the Serpent as having eat Poison, just when he meant to lie in Wait, and was prepar'd for Mischief: ἀνδρα μένησι βεβρωκὼς κακὰ φάρμακα. *Ælian*, in his History of Animals, mentions this Custom of the Serpent: and says, it is alluded to by *Homer*. Μέλλοντες δὲ τίνα ἐλλοχῶν ἢ ἀνθρώπων ἢ θήρων, τὰς θανατηφόρους ῥίζας ἐδίσσι, καὶ τὰς πῶας μέν τὰς ποιάσας. Οὐκ ἦν ὃ ἀρεῖ ἐδὲ Ὅμηρος αὐτῶν τῆς τροφῆς ἀμαθὴς λέγει γυν, ὅπως ἀναμένει περὶ τὸ φάσθαι ἐλάμεν πρὸς ἐμπληθεὶς σιτίων πολλῶν φαρμακωδῶν καὶ κακῶν. Lib. vi. cap. 4.

" But when they lie in Wait for either Man or Beast, they feed upon mortal Roots, and such like Plants. Nor was *Homer* a Stranger to this their Manner of Feeding; for he speaks of a Serpent as couching convolv'd at the Mouth of his Den, and as having beforehand gorged himself with Diversity of "poisonous Plants." The learned Dr. Trapp had certainly forgot this Passage of *Ælian*; for he confesses, he does not enough understand the History of Animals to determine this Point: and therefore, I presume, gave the preference to the Similie as wrought by *Virgil*.

n *From Roofs yet more retir'd*] *Interior domus*, says the Original. The Women in Greece, and so likewise in the Oriental Countries, rarely, or never, appeared in strange Company; and therefore were confin'd to the most remote Parts of the House. For this Reason, their Buildings were usually divided into two Parts, in

The blended Yell the vaulted Arches tears,
And mounts aloft, and strikes the golden Stars.
The trembling Train thro' all the Palace stray,
Confus'd with Grief, distracted with Dismay ;
Imprint a Kiss on ev'ry Pillar's Base,
And cling, and clasp them with a last Embrace.

PYRRHUS affails with all his Father's Force,
Nor Bars, nor Guards oppose his ardent Course.
Wrench'd from their Jambs, here pond'rous Pillars lie ;
There, burst by batt'ring Engines, Portals fly.
Forc'd is the Way ; a Throng of Ruffians fill
The regal Dome ; and, whom they meet, they kill.

° Not

in which the Men and Women had distinct Apartments : the Men's, towards the fore Gate ; the Women's, running far backward, and often in the upper Part of the House. Dr. Potter quotes a Verse from *Homer*, to shew that "*He-
len* had her Chamber in the loftiest Part of the
" House."

Ἡ δ' εἰς ὑψέσσον θάλαμον κίε δῖα γυναῖκων.
Il γ. v. 423.

But ὑψέσσον may signify a high-roof'd Apartment as well in the first, as upper, Floor ; and comprehend the Idea of Magnificence, as well as Distance from the lower Rooms. But, to return to my Author. The Passage before us, as *Servius* says, is taken from *Ennius's* Description of the Siege of *Alba* : a Story, which, tho' we have lost from the Hand of that Poet, remains most poetically painted by *Livy* in the first Book of his History. *Aristo* has strictly copied *Virgil's* Description for five whole Verses together.

Sonar per gli alti e spatiosi tetti
S' edono gridi, e femminil lamenti :
L' afflitte donne, percotendo i petti,
Corron per casa pallide, e dolenti :
E abbraccian gli usci e i geniali letti,
Che testò hanno a lasciare a strane genti.

Canto XVII. St. 13.

For what Reason Sir *J. Harrington* has quite left out this fine Passage, in his Translation of that *Italian* Poet, I can't guess. I should rather have given it in his Words, had he render'd it at all : but as he has not, the Custom, I have impos'd upon myself in these Notes, obliges me to do it.

Thro' all the high and spacious Roofs a Sound
Of Shrieks is heard, and female Cries rebound ;
Pale frighted Matrons flutter here and there,
Streaming their Eyes, and their bruist Bosoms
bare ;

The genial Beds and Portals they embrace,
Which now must soon receive a foreign Race.

This Custom of kissing Doors, Columns, Beds, &c. before they were obliged to quit them, is alluded to by many of the Poets, and accounted for by *Turnebus*, in his *Adversaria*, Lib. XII. c. 5. *Fulvius Ursinus* tells us, *Virgil* has borrow'd the Hint from *Apollonius Rhodius*, where *Medæa* does the same Thing, upon quitting her Father's House.

Κῦσε δ' εὖν τε λέχῳ καὶ δικλίδας ἀμφοτέρωθεν
σταδμῆς, καὶ τοίχων ἐπαρήσατο· χερσὶ τε μακρῶν
ῥηζαμένη πλόκαμον θαλάμῳ μνημῖα μντεῖ
ἐάλλιπε παρθενίης.

Lib. IV. v. 26, &c.

Wib

° Not with such Rage the foamy River pours
 The furious Deluge from the broken Shores ;
 When o'er the Plains the driving Streams are roll'd,
 And with the Cattle sweep away the Fold.
 There, on the Threshold, all in Blood embu'd,
 Fierce PYRRHUS, and the Brother-Kings I view'd ;
 View'd aged HECUBA, and, in her Train,
 A hundred Daughters, to augment her Pain ;
 And rev'rend PRIAM, staining now with Gore
 Those Fires, which he had hallow'd just before.
 p The fifty Rooms to nuptial Joys confign'd,
 (And whence our Hopes so long a Race divin'd)
 Rich with Barbaric Gold their Beams, and bright
 With many a Spoil, and Trophie of the Fight,

Fall

*With parting Kisses she her Bed caress'd,
 Handled the Walls, and folding Portals press'd ;
 Then from her Head with forceful Hand she
 tears*

*A copious Ringlet of her lovely Hairs :
 And to her Mother leaves the Gift behind,
 The Token of her Virgin State resign'd.*

o Not with such Rage] This Similie, as *Macrobius* has taken Notice, is imitated from *Homer* : 'Tis applied to the Force and Fury, with which *Ajax* rush'd upon, and bore down the *Trojans*.

Ὡς δ' ὅπῃτε πλὴθων ποταμὸς πεδίονδε κἀλίσσι
 χειμάρρῃς καὶ ὄρεσφιν, ὁπαζόμενος Διὸς ὄμβρῳ,
 Πολλὰς δὲ δρυὸς ἀζαλέας, πολλὰς δὲ τε πάδας
 Ἐσφέρει, πολλὸν δὲ τ' ἀφυσγέδν' εἰς ἄλλα βάλλει.
 Il. λ. v. 493, &c.

*As when a Torrent, swell'd with wintry Rains,
 Pours from the Mountains o'er the delug'd Plains,
 And Pines and Oaks, from their Foundations
 torn,*

A Country's Ruins ! to the Seas are born.

Mr. Pope.

p The fifty Rooms to nuptial Joys confign'd,] The same Number of Apartments is allotted to *Priam's* Sons and their Wives, in the Palace, by *Homer*.

Πεντήκοντ' ἔνεσαν θάλαμοι ξεστοῖο λίθοιο,
 Πλησίοι ἀλλήλων δεδμημένοι, ἐνθα ὃ παῖδες
 Κοιμῶντο Πριάμοιο πατρὸς μνηστῆς ἀλόχοισι.
 Il. ζ. v. 246, &c.

*O'er these a Range of Marble Structure runs,
 The rich Pavilions of his fifty Sons
 In fifty Chambers lodg'd : —*

Mr. Pope.

As to these Apartments being enrich'd with Barbaric (*i. e.* foreign) Gold, and Spoils and Trophies of War, it is very well explain'd in another Passage by our Author.

Multaq; præterea sacris in postibus Arma,
 Captivi pendent Currus, curvæq; Secures,
 Et Cristæ capitum, & Portarum ingentia Clausura,
 Spiculaq; Clypeiq; erepta; Rostra carinis.
 Æn. VII. v. 184, &c.

Around

Fall to the Ground, in smould'ring Ashes laid ;
And what escapes the Flame, the GREEKS invade.

And now, perhaps, you may desirous wait
To hear the Tale of royal PRIAM's Fate.
Seeing his Town o'er-pow'r'd, his Subjects kill'd,
His Gates all burst, with Foes his Palace fill'd,
He, trembling, round his aged Shoulders spreads
Thin Armour, long disus'd to martial Deeds :
Girds on an useless Sword about his Waist,
And goes to meet his Fate in furious Haft.

'Midst the wide Dome, its Coverture the Sky,
A spacious Altar stood ; a Laurel, by ;
Whose antient, venerable, Branches spread,
And o'er the Household Gods their Umbrage shed.
Like Doves by Tempests urg'd, and driving Rain,
Here mournful HECUBA (but, here, in vain)

With

*Around the Posts hung Helmets, Darts, and
Spears,
And captive Chariots, Axes, Shields, and Bars,
And broken Beaks of Ships, the Trophies of
their Wars.*

Mr. Dryden.

Now, Priam's Sons being all Warriours, Virgil supposes their Apartments deck'd with Spoils taken from the Enemy, in Allusion to a Custom practis'd much by the Romans in his Time. Cicero, I remember, in one of his Invectives against Anthony, after he had possess'd himself of Pompey's House, touches on this Custom with no little Virulence. *An tu illa in Vestibulo Rostra, & hstium Spolia, cum aspexisti, domum tuam intrare te putas ?* "When you behold those Beaks of Ships, and hostile Spoils, in the Porch, can you think, you are entering your own House ?"

q Like Doves by Tempests urg'd,] Ariosto has imitated this Similie in his Orlando furioso.

*Donne e Donzelle con pallida faccia,
Timide à guisa di Colombe, stanno ;
Che da Grano si paschi à i Nidi caccia
Rabbia de Venti, che fremendo vanno
Con tuoni e lampi ; &c.*

Canto XLVI. St. 95.

*Fair Dames and Damsels stand with Looks dis-
maid,
With Fear and Trembling, like to fearful Doves ;
Whom some black Tempest-bringing Cloud hath
fray'd,
And driv'n from Fields, to shroud in Houses'
Reeves.*

Sir J. Harrington.

With her sad Daughters, round the Altar plac'd,
 The Statues of the Household Gods embrac'd.
 But when she saw in warlike Plight array'd
 Th' enfeebled PRIAM, What dire Rage, she said,
 What Frenzy, O my wretched Lord ! alarms
 Your Breast ? Or, whither rush you thus in Arms ?
 No such Defence, nor that enervate Hand,
 ' Tho' my own HECTOR liv'd, the Times demand.
 Hither retire ; this Shrine protect us All !
 Or, if Fate urge, we'll here together fall.
 She spoke ; and, watchful o'er his threaten'd Fate,
 Plac'd the old Monarch in the hallow'd Seat.

Lo ! 'scap'd from PYRRHUS' Sword, and darting GREEKS,
 Thro' the long Isles POLITES Refuge seeks,
 A Son of PRIAM ; wounded, round he cast
 His Eyes with Dread, and sees the Cloisters wast :
 PYRRHUS pursues, impetuous his Career,
 And now, and now, he press'd him with his Spear:

When,

r *Tho' my own HECTOR liv'd,*] *La Cerda* seems willing to think, he has found out a Secret, why *Hecuba*, speaking to *Priam* of *Hector*, calls him *my*, and not *our* HECTOR. *Euphorion*, *Ibycus*, *Alexander the Ætolian*, *Lycophron*, and some others (as we learn from the Scholiast on *Homer*) had propagated a Tradition, that *Hector* had *Apollo* to his Father, tho' *Hecuba* bore him. It was a common Imposition of the Heathen Times, in order to magnify the Reputation of any Hero, to bring in a God to cross the Breed. This Notion, with Regard to *Hector*, seems not to have been so old as *Homer's* Time ; or, at least, he gave no Cre-

dit to it : For he speaks of *Hector* (in the Person of *Agamemnon*, who means him Praise) as a meer Mortal by both Parents.

Ὅα' Ἐκτορ ἔρρεξε Διὶ φίλῳ ἦας Ἀχαιῶν
 Ἀντῶς, ἔτε θεῶς ὕδς φίλῳ, ἔτε θεοῖο.
 Il. x. v. 49, &c.

What Honours the belov'd of Jove adorn !
 Sprung of no God, and of no Godless born.
 Mr. Pope.

The Learned *Joshua Barnes's* Latin Version of this Passage is pretty singular,

I

Quot

When, juſt within his hapleſs Parents' Sight,
Falls the maim'd Youth, and clos'd his Eyes in Night.

PRIAM, tho' round involv'd in Death's ſtrict Snares,
Abſtains not; nor his Words, nor Anger ſpares;
But may, exclaims he loud, the righteous Gods
(If there be Juſtice in thoſe bleſt Abodes
Such daring Crimes, ſuch Horrors, to regard)
Show'r on thy Guilt, and Thee, the due Reward!
Who force me to behold a Son expire,
And with the bloody Death pollute the Sire.

† Not ſo ACHILLES, that exalted Name,
From whom your fair Deſcent you falſely claim,
Behav'd to hoſtile PRIAM: No! his Ear
Drank in the Juſtice of his Suppliant's Pray'r:
Gave to the Fun'ral Rite my HECTOR ſlain,
And ſent me back a King to my Domain.

Thus ſpoke the aged Sire, and wrathful threw
A feeble Dart, which unavailing flew;

And

*Quot Hector fecit Jovi charus in filios Achil-
vorum
Gratis, &c.*

Why *ἄλως* is render'd here *gratis*, is more than I can conceive: it ſignifies certainly, in this Place, *ἄτῳ ἀπλῶς, δι' ἑαυτοῦ*, ſic ſimpliciter, unicè per ſe: that, what *Hector* did, was thro' the Dint of his own Fortitude, and not the Concurrence, or Aſſiſtance of any Deity.

[† Not ſo ACHILLES,] The Conduct and Behaviour of *Achilles* to *Priam*, when the old Monarch came to ſolicit the Ransom of *Hector's* Body, is treated of at large by *Homer*, in the

XXIVth Book of the *Iliad*. We find *Achilles* treating the old Man with a proper Decency, and a Senſe of Compaſſion for his great Miſfortunes; yet, by Starts, his native Ferity breaks out upon him. However, he ſuffers *Priam* to ransom the Body of *Hector*; places it with his own Hands in the Chariot, cover'd over with rich Veſtments; regales the old Man with a Banquet and a Bed; and promiſes a Suſpenſion of Arms for eleven Days (the Time requeſted by *Priam*) whiſt the *Trojans* ſhould perform all the requiſite Rites of Mourning and Burial. To this humane Behaviour of *Achilles* it is that *Virgil* here alludes, in what *Priam* ſays to *Pyrrhus*.

And, instant by the founding Brass repell'd,
 Hung quiv'ring on the Surface of the Shield.
 When vaunting PYRRHUS thus ; Thou therefore go,
 On a dire Message, to the Shades below :
 There, tell PELIDES of his savage Son,
 And how degen'rate is his PYRRHUS grown.
 Now, die ! He spoke, and drags the royal Sire,
 Trembling, and sliding in the bloody Mire,
 Sluic'd from his Son, ev'n to the Altar ; there,
 His left Hand twisted in his hoary Hair,
 He, with his right, the threat'ning Sword display'd,
 And buries in his Side the flaming Blade.

Thus ended PRIAM ; this his rigid Fate ;
 Surviving just to see his ruin'd State ;
 His Palace and his TROY in Ashes laid :
 Who once so many Realms and Nations sway'd,
 And ASIA's proud, imperial Scepter bore,
 Now lies a lifeless Trunk along the Shore.
 The Head (O Scandal to his royal Fame !)
 Torn from the Corps, ' the Corps without a Name.

Now

t ——— the Corps without a Name.] *Manilius* seems to have had our Poet in his Eye, where he speaks of *Priam's* Body lying on the Shore, and wanting Sepulture.

*Inq; rogo Crœsum, Priamumq; in littore truncum,
 Cui nec Troja rogas.*

Lib. IV. v. 64.

*Or Crœsus shrinking at the rising Flame,
 Or Priam's Trunk, a Thing without a Name :
 Unhappy Prince ! the Beasts' and Vultur's Spoil !
 His Troy was burnt, but Priam wants a Pile.*
Mr. Creech.

Seneca, in his Troades, speaks of this Circumstance in much the same Manner.

I 2 ——— *Ille*

Now first my Blood surrounding Horror chills ;
 My frighted Mind my Father's Image fills.
 Methinks, I see him, as before my Eyes
 His great Contemporary gasping lies :
 Recurrs to Thought forlorn CREUSA'S State,
 My plunder'd House, and young IULUS' Fate.

Round me I look, to view what Force is near ;
 All had forsook me, harrafs'd with the War :
 Some, desp'rate, darted from the Turret's Spire ;
 Others, as desp'rate, fought the raging Fire.

Ille, tot Regum Parens,
 caret Sepulchro Priamus ; & flammâ indiget,
 Ardente Trojâ. Act. I. v. 54, &c.

Ev'n He, the Father of so many Kings,
 Imperial Priam lies without a Tomb ;
 Nor finds a fun'ral Flame, his Troy on Fire.

Virgil could no more be guilty of this puerile Turn, and Play on the Words, than Seneca could miss it. But there is something of a noble Antithesis in Manilius, which does not descend to the Clinch in the Tragedian. For Cræsus, alive, upon his funeral Pile, is placed

in Contrast to Priam, who, tho' dead, wanted one. — Sine nomine Corpus, La Cerda would interpret to mean, that Priam, having his Head cut off, that Part was wanting, by which he could be known or distinguish'd. Servius, and Nonius Marcellus, I think, explain it better : sine dignitate. And Ammian. Marcellinus, complaining of the barbarous Usage to Gallus Cæsar, who had his Head lopp'd off, expresses himself to the same Effect : ereptâq; Vultûs & Capitis Dignitate ; “ despoil'd of the Dignity of “ his Head and Countenance.”





THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

CANTO IV.

The ARGUMENT.

DEPRIV'D now of the few Friends, whom he had collected to try the last Stake, Æneas makes the best of his Way back to his own Palace. In his Passage, by the Light of the Flames, he espies Helen, who had taken Sanctuary in the Porch of Vesta's Temple. The Injuries, which this fair Incendiary had brought upon his Country, recurring to his Mind, he kindles into a sudden Indignation, and debates with himself, whether he ought not to kill her. Venus, at the Instant, appears to him; and diverts him from the horrid Purpose. She advises him to a timely Care of his Family; shews him, how the Gods themselves in Person assisted in the Demolition of Troy; and, urging his speedy Flight, disappears. Æneas, now safe return'd to his Palace (thro' Foes and Flames, by the Protection of his Mother) finds his aged Father Anchises in a State of Desperation, resolv'd to die in Troy, and absolutely refusing to partake of Flight with his Son. However, a prosperous Omen being sent from the Gods, the old Man is brought over, at length,

length, to go. Æneas takes him and the Household Gods on his Shoulders, takes his little Son Iulus in his Hand, and directs his Wife Creusa to follow at some Distance; so, setting out, orders his Friends and Dependants, thro' different Paths, all to meet at Ceres's Temple. In the Passage, Creusa is lost. Æneas, missing her, traverses back all the Way, thro' a thousand Dangers, in Quest of her. The Image of her appears to him; tells him, She is detain'd a Priestess of Cybele; opens his Fates to him, and that a Royal Bride is destin'd for him in Italy. Æneas, returning to Ceres's Fane, finds a large Number of Friends assembled, all resolv'd to follow his Fortunes. At Break of Day, Æneas again taking up his Father on his Shoulders, he and his Friends direct their Course towards Mount Ida, which led to the Sea-shore.



DESERTED ^a thus, I took my lonely
Way,

When HELEN I in VESTA's Porch survey:
The tow'ring Flames a livid Light supply,
As round I rove, and throw my sear-
ching Eye.

Fearful to meet the vengeful TROJAN
Sword,

The GRECIAN Fury, and her injur'd Lord,
Fast by the Altars, 'midst the silent Glare,
Sate all insconc'd the trembling guilty Fair;

Of

^a *Deserted thus,*] The two and twenty Verses, in the Original, following from this Line, are wanting in most of the Elder Copies. Some have thought, they were purposely left out by *Tucca* and *Varus* (who had the Revival of the *Æneid* committed to them by the Command of *Augustus*) because they thought it would be a Derogation to the Character of the Hero, that he should determine on killing a Woman. *Servius* tells us, that *Tucca* and *Varus* forgot them. But tho' he does not seem to dispute their being genuine, yet he has not left one

Of burning TROY, and GREECE, the common Pest:
 With sudden Indignation glows my Breast:
 My falling Country to revenge I burn,
 And on a Wretch deserv'd Destruction turn.
 Shall She her native SPARTA visit more,
 And reach in Safety fair MYCENÆ's Shore?
 Shall She, in regal Pomp, to our Disgrace,
 Behold her Comfort, Palace, Sire, and Race,
 Surrounded by a TROJAN captive Train?
 While by the Sword lies royal PRIAM slain;
 When TROY is Ashes, and the DARDAN Shore
^b So oft has sweat, and reek'd with flowing Gore?
 Not so; for tho' no memorable Name
 We can, by punishing a Woman, claim,
 Nor Glory crowns the Conquest; yet to shed
 Proportion'd Vengeance on an impious Head,
 That Praise shall now be mine: I'll thus assuage
 The fiery Transports of unbounded Rage:

And,

one Word of a Comment upon any of them: nay, he declares it as his Opinion, that they were not curtail'd without good Reason. As to the real Propriety, or Impropriety, of this Incident, it is a Point that has been canvass'd by so many Learned Criticks, that I shall not enter at all into the Debate. As to the Verses, I shall make no Scruple to declare, that I believe them to be of *Virgil's* own Hand.

^b *So oft has sweat,*] The Expression here, in the Original, *sudârit Sanguine littus*, has been impeached, by some Learned Men, of Impropriety: because *Sweat*, strictly speaking, is an Emanation from the Body to which it belongs, and not a Juice pour'd upon any extraneous

Body. But may not a Poet metaphorically, and notwithstanding the physical Distinction, use *sudare*, to signify *undare*, *humectari*, and the like? I believe, *Virgil* thought he might take such a Liberty, and be safe in it under the Sanction of his Master *Ennius*. I doubt not, but he was copying this fine Passage of his Predecessor, in his Tragedy, call'd, *HECTOR's Ransom*.

Æs sonit,
Franguntur Hastæ, terra sudat Sanguine.

—The brazen Arms resound,
The Spears are shiver'd, and th' Earth sweats with Blood.

And, just Revenge and due Attonement paid,
Appease the MANES of the TROJAN Dead.

My Bosom thus enkindling Fury rends,
When, ne'er before so clearly seen, descends
My awful Mother, thro' the Shades of Night,
Confest a Goddess, most divinely bright :
Such, and majestick, as, in Heav'n's Abodes,
She treads the Sphere, and is the Gaze of Gods.
Pressing my Hand, she stopp'd the purpos'd Stroke ;
Then thus from her ambrosial Lips she spoke.

What Grief so great, my Son ! disturbs thy Mind ?
Wherefore to this intemp'rate Rage resign'd ?
Shall Wrath each tender Sentiment controul ?
Cease we to be the Objects of thy Soul ?
Will you not first see how ANCHISES fares,
And place the aged Sire within your Cares ?
Whether your Wife CREUSA yet survives,
Or if your Son, the Boy ASCANIUS, lives ?
Whom GRAIAN Troops on ev'ry Side inclose ;
Whom, did not my Protection interpose,

The

c *What Grief so great, my Son !*] The most ingenious Mr. Addison, in his *Travels through ITALY*, has left us a short Criticism on this Machine of *Venus* appearing at this Juncture to her Son : but, as Dr. Trapp has already observ'd upon it, I may spare myself the Trouble of any farther Remark. I'll only take Notice, that the Goddess here begins with the same

Pathos and *Tenderness* to our Hero, as *Thetis* does to *Achilles* in *Homer*.

Τέκνον, τί κλάεις ; τί δέ σε φρένας ἵκετο πένθος ;
Εξαύδα, μή κεν εὖ νόω, &c. Il. α. v. 362.

*Why grieves my Son ? Thy Anguish let me share,
Reveal the Cause, and trust a Parent's Care.*
Mr. Pope.

The Sword had finish'd, or the hostile Flame :

^d Nor HELEN's Beauties hate, nor PARIS blame :

The Gods, th' inclement Gods, these Realms destroy,
And level with the Ground imperial TROY.

^e Behold ! (for all this Veil of misty Night,
Which, circumfus'd, obscures the mortal Sight,
And humid Dimness casts, I'll chase away :

Fear not thy Parent's Precepts, but obey.)

Where Heaps of Ruin in Confusion lie,

Stones wrench'd from Stones, and Clouds of Dust you spy,

^f With

^d Nor HELEN's Beauties hate, nor PARIS blame:] Nothing less than the Direction of a Parent, and a Goddess to boot, could be sufficient to reconcile *Æneas* to any candid Thoughts either of *Helen* or *Paris*. Their intemperate Passion was the Source and Motive of that fatal War, which had destroy'd his Country ; had depriv'd him of his dearest Friend and Brother, *Hector* ; and wounded him with the Sight of his aged King and Father-in-Law's Murther. One might enumerate many more aggravating Incitements to his Displeasure ; but these, already mention'd, are capital enough to admit of no palliating. *Venus*'s Direction, however, does not cease to be the less proper and well-grounded, as we are to consider her the Patroness both of *Paris* and *Helen*. For *Paris* had adjudged the Prize of Beauty to her, against *Juno* and *Minerva* : and that was enough to engage a Goddess's warmest Affections and Protection. Nor can we suppose her Partiality to *Helen* less fervent, as the Attractions of Beauty were her own peculiar Gifts ; and as she was herself the Goddess of Love and Loveliness. It is observable, that *Priam*, in *Homer*, acquits *Helen* of being the Accessary to his Misfortunes, and throws it on the Gods ; as *Venus* does, here, in our Poet.

Οὐτι μοι ἄλγιν' ἔσσι, θεοὶ νύ μοι ἄλγιοι εἰσιν,
Οἱ μοι ἐφάρμυσαν πόλεμον πολύδακρυον Ἀχαιῶν.
Il. γ. v. 164.

No Crime of thine our present Sufferings draws,
Not Thou, but Heav'n's disposing Will, the Cause :

The Gods these Armies and this Force employ,
The hostile Gods conspire the Fate of Troy.

Mr. Pope.

^e Behold ! (for all this Veil] There is no Doubt, but, as *Fulvius Ursinus* observes, *Virgil* took this Hint from *Homer*, where *Minerva* in the like Manner clears up *Diomedes*'s Sight, and makes him capable of seeing and distinguishing Deities, however they should labour to obscure themselves.

Ἀχλὺ δ' αὖ τοι ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἔλκον, ἢ πρὶν ἐπὶ νῆν,
Ὅφρ' εὖ γινώσκῃς ἡμῶν θεῶν, ἠδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
Il. ε. v. 127.

Yet more, from mortal Mists I purge thy Eyes,
And set to View the warring Deities.

Mr. Pope.

Madam Dacier, in her Note upon this Passage, has quoted three Instances of a like Nature from *Holy Writ*, where God is said to open the Eyes of particular Persons for a particular Purpose. *Pausanias* seems to think, that what *Homer* has said here, with regard to *Minerva*'s clearing the visual Rays in *Diomedes*, was purely historical, and founded upon an antient Tradition, that *Diomedes*, in Acknowledgement of so great a Benefit, had consecrated a Temple at *Argos* to *Minerva*, call'd ἐρεῶν Ἀθηνᾶς ὀξυδερκέως,
K The

f With his big Trident NEPTUNE shakes the Walls ;
 And the whole City from her Basis falls.
 Seiz'd of the SCÆAN Gate, there, dreadful, stands
 Relentless JUNO, issuing dire Commands :
 Girt with her Sword, the hostile Fleet alarms,
 And, raging, calls aloud, To Arms ! To Arms !
 Effulgent with her horrid GORGON Shield,
 Lo ! thro' yon bright'ning ambient Cloud reveal'd,
 TRITONIAN PALLAS o'er the sinking Tow'rs :
 And JOVE himself assists the ARGIVE Pow'rs ;
 With prosperous Strength th' assailing Host inspires,
 And ev'ry God to TROY's Destruction fires.
 Fly, O my Son ! and give thy Labours o'er ;
 I'll still be present with protective Pow'r :
 And place Thee safe in thy paternal Seats.
 She said, and, mingling with the Shades, retreats.

Dire

The Temple of the sharp-sighted Minerva. Milton, according to his Custom, makes a most noble Use of this Incident, from the Imitation of Both his great Masters in Poetry. Michael is sent from God to warn Adam of quitting Paradise ; and to shew him in Vision the miserable Effects of his Disobedience and Sin, upon his unhappy Posterity. The Angel carries him up to a Mountain, from whence the Hemisphere of Earth is suppos'd to lie stretch'd out to the amplest Extent of View : and there he clears our Patriarch's Sight, to make him capable of discerning the Objects design'd to pass before him.

*But, to nobler Sights,
 Michael from Adam's Eyes the Film remov'd,
 Which that false Fruit, that promis'd clearer
 Sight,*

*Had bred : then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue
 The visual Nerve (for he had much to see :)
 And from the Well of Life three Drops instill'd.
 So deep the Pow'r of these Ingredients pierc'd,
 Ev'n to the inmost Seat of mental Sight,
 That Adam, now enforc'd to close his Eyes,
 Sunk down, and all his Spirits became intranc'd.*

A common Poet, perhaps, had contented himself with the Angel's Application of *Euphrasie* and *Rue* to Adam's Eyes ; but the Addition of the *Three Drops* from the *Well of Life* carries in it Something so grand and marvellous, as suits the Stretch of *Milton's* extensive Imagination.

f *With his big Trident NEPTUNE shakes the Walls ;] Neptune was suppos'd to have the Power of shaking not the Sea only, but the Land, with the Stroke of his Trident : and this Circumstance*

Dire Forms appear, and all the hostile Gods
 Leagued against TROY : I see her proud Abodes
 From their Foundations rent, dissolv'd her Frame,
 And all great NEPTUNE'S Fabricks sunk in Flame.
^g So, when some Mountain-Ash, for Ages grown,
 Is from the Summit hew'd by Peasants down;
 With Emulation fast they ply the Steel :
 She, threat'ning with her Top, begins to reel.
 At length, subdued with Wounds, she groans her last,
 Falls from her Height, and spreads a dreadful Wast.
 Strait I descend : the leading God presides,
^h And thro' the Foes and Flames my Passage guides.
 The Foes before the Deity retire,
 The Darts give Way, and back recedes the Fire.
 And now when safe to our paternal Dome,
 ANCHISES' venerable Seat, I come ;

He

cumstance is more particularly express'd here, because, as Mr. Ogilby in his Notes accurately observes, There was about that Time an extraordinary Earthquake, which much shatter'd the Walls of Troy.

^g So, when some Mountain-Ash,] It has been observ'd (but, I believe, mistakenly) that Eustathius, in Macrobius, prefers this Similie of our Author to that in the IVth Iliad of Homer, where the Death of Simoisius is describ'd. Macrobius did not think, Virgil was shadowing out that Similie, but another, which he quotes from the XIIIth Iliad, where Idomeneus kills Asius.

Ἡεῖπε δ', ὡς ὅτε τις δρυὶς ἤειπεν, ἢ ἀχερωῖς,
 Ἥ ἐ πίτυς βλαβερὴ, τὴν δ' ἔρεσι τέκλονες ἀνδρες
 Εἰς ἑταμον πελέκεσσι νεήκεσι, νήϊον ἔη.

Il. v. v. 389, &c.

As when the Mountain Oak, or Poplar tall,
 Or Pine, fit Mast for some great Admiral,
 Groans to the oft-beav'd Ax, with many a Wound,
 Then spreads a Length of Ruin on the Ground.

Mr. Pope.

It is upon this Similie that Eustathius, or Macrobius, remarks, to the Advantage of Virgil against Homer. *Magno Cultu Vestri difficultatem abscidendæ arboreæ molis expressit ; verum nullo negotio Homerica Arbor absciditur.* Lib. V. c. II.

“ With great Ornament and Pains your Poet
 “ has express'd the Difficulty with which such
 “ a Tree is cut down : but Homer's Tree is
 “ cut down with no Trouble or Difficulty at
 “ all.”

^h And thro' the Foes and Flames my Passage guides.] Virgil employs here a poetical Machine, and makes the Prefence and Superintendence

K 2

tendence

My Sire, whom first I wish'd, and fought, to bear
 Safe to the Mountains, from the savage War,
 A Life prolong'd, his Country fall'n, disclaims ;
 Nor yields to Exile, TROY involv'd in Flames.
 Oh ! You, in whom the youthful Vigour reigns,
 Whose Blood, says he, flows sprightly thro' your Veins,
 Urge You your Flight ! Had Heav'n and piteous Fate
 Decreed me Life, they had preserv'd the State.
 More than enough th' Affliction, once to know
 TROY captive, and survive her Overthrow.
 Think me a Corps, and bid the last Adieu ;
 That Rite perform'd, your destin'd Flight pursue.
 This Hand shall find me Death ; or else the Foe,
 Pitying my Age, may lend the speeding Blow ;
 May kill me, to despoil my Body dead :
 The Fun'ral Rite deny'd I little heed.
 Hateful to Jove, and all th' Immortal Train,
 Long have I dragg'd an useless Life in Pain :

E'er

tendency of a Deity necessary, to conduct Æneas thro' such a Number of Dangers as surrounded him. Manilius, on the other hand, ascribes his Escape to Destiny, and the Force of a natal Star.

*At nisi Fata darent leges vitæque, necisque,
 Fugissent Ignes Æneam ? Troja sub uno
 Non eversa viro fati vicisset in ipsis ?*

Lib. IV. v. 23, &c.

*For did not Fate preside, and Fortune lead,
 Had parting Flames the good Æneas fled ?*

*Had Troy's sunk Fortune been sustain'd by One,
 And only conquer'd then, when overthrown ?*

Mr. Creech.

I am at a Loss to know what Joseph Scaliger means in his Note upon this Passage. *Hic rē Ignes pro Palladiō, quod ferebat Æneas, intelligendum.* I mention this, because, to the Honour of the Translator, I conceive, he has properly animadverted upon that supercilious Critick ; that the Poet did not think of the *Palladium*, but of the Fire at Troy, which parted to let Æneas go through with his Father and his Household Gods.

E'er since with Lightning's Blast th' Almighty Sire
Affail'd this Trunk, ⁱ and touch'd me with his Fire.

Resolv'd on Death, impatient of Controul,
Fix'd he retains the Purpose of his Soul.

CREUSA, young ASCANIUS, bath'd in Tears,
And all the mourning Household, urge their Fears;
Implore, he would not sink beneath the Weight
Of dire Distress, and make us share his Fate.

He still denies, and, obstinately bent,
Holds his first Station, and his first Intent.
Again I rush to Arms, and wish to close,
In Death, the Scene of long-oppressing Woes.
What new Resource could Chance, or Prudence find?
Could I stir hence, and leave a Sire behind?

Could

ⁱ ———— and touch'd me with his Fire.] *Anchises*, according to the Tradition, was punish'd for having boastfully in his Cups divulg'd the Favours, with which he had been indulg'd by *Venus*. The Goddess complain'd to *Jupiter* of this Insult, who made no Scruple of employing his Thunder to avenge it. But *Venus*, who had some Remains of Tendernefs for her young Gallant, turn'd aside the Bolts, that their Force might not be quite mortal. Whether he was blinded by the Lightning, or only blasted and wither'd in his Limbs, is not so evident. *Servius*, in his Commentary upon the 35th Verse of this Book of our Author, says, that *Anchises* was not present at *Priam's* last Council, *propter Cæcitatem, ut docet Theocritus: By reason of his being blind, according to Theocritus*. But afterwards, in his Comment upon the Passage now before us, he says, *That Anchises, being blasted by the Lightning, was disabled in his Limbs, and a Cripple ever after. Anchises tamen, afflatus igne cælesti, semper debilis vixit.*

This, perhaps, is the most probable Account; because there are two Passages afterwards in this Book, from which One might imagine, that *Anchises* had his Sight.

*At pater Anchises Oculos ad sidera lætus
Extulit:* v. 687.

And,

————— *genitorq; per umbram
Prospiciens, Nate, exclamat, fuge, nate; propinquans.* v. 732.

To this first Passage, I am aware, it may be objected, that even a blind Man in an Act of Adoration may lift up his Eye-balls to the Sky: but if he had not seen the Blaze, how could he judge of the Omen? So, in the Latter, *Prospiciens* may be said to mean a mental Foresight; an Apprehension of approaching Danger, from the Alarm of the Ear. But as it is coupled with *per umbram*, those Words, I think, determine it to an actual Operation of external Sight.

Could you so far my filial Virtue wrong ?
^k How flipp'd that Error from a Father's Tongue ?
 If by the sov'reign Gods it be decreed,
 Nought must survive to TROY, but All must bleed ;
 If 'tis your Pleasure, and your fixt Debate,
 That You and Yours shall swell the common Fate;
 Obvious the Path to Death, and open stands the Gate.
 Soon, reeking with imperial PRIAM's Gore,
 Will PYRRHUS here exert his slaught'ring Pow'r :
 Who kill'd the Son within the Father's View,
 And then the Father at the Altar flew.
 Did I for This thro' Flames and Javelins go,
 O Goddess ! to receive at home the Foe ?
 Sav'd by thy Aid, to see my Wife, my Sire,
 And Son, in one promiscuous Death expire ?
 Bring me my Arms, my Friends ! Oh, bring me Arms !
 To the last Onset fierce Despair alarms :
 Give me the GREEKS ! to Battel let me fly !
 Not unreveng'd shall all the TROJANS die.

Again

^k How flipp'd that Error from a Father's Tongue ?] *Æneas* behaves here with the utmost filial Piety. Tho' he saw there was a possibility of his escaping in Time, and thro' the Favours of the Night, from the common Havock ; so great is his Care for his decrepit Father, that he is resolv'd to stay and perish by the Enemy, unless the old Man will embrace the Means of Safety with him. In this Ferment of his Soul, and when not only his own, but his Wife's, and Son's Lives, and the Disap-

pointment of their Destinies were concerned, *Æneas* had Reason to be earnest with his Father, and to censure his Obstinacy. The Original of the Passage quoted seems a little harsh in the Expression, and I thought myself obliged to mitigate it. *Tantumq; nefas patrio excidit ore ? Did so great a Wickedness fall from a Father's Lips ?* But *Æneas's* Meaning is this : " Could you suppose that I would fly, and leave you behind ; a Crime, that would make me little less than a Parricide ? "

Again I gird my Sword, my Buckler brac'd
 Strong to my Arm, and to the Fight I haft.
¹ CREUSA at my Feet her Body threw,
 And holds up young IULUS full to View :
 And, if you go to perish in the War,
 Let Us in all th' Extreame of Danger share ;
 But if in Arms, says she, some Hope you place,
 First guard these Seats, and Reliques of your Race :
 Defend IULUS, and your Father's Life ;
 Nor quit a Wretch, who once was call'd your Wife.

With Shrieks of Woe the vaulted Roofs she tears ;
 When, lo ! a Wonder to our Eyes appears.
^m Sudden, a lambent Flame (prodigious !) shed
 Diffusive Lustre, o'er IULUS' Head ;
 While, in our Arms, with Grief and Fondness wild,
 We wept, indulgent, o'er the tender Child :

With

[¹ CREUSA at my Feet] *Fulvius Ursinus* thinks, this Passage is translated from the VIth *Iliad* of *Homer*, where *Andromache*, and an Attendant with young *Astyanax* in her Arms, go to meet *Hector* returning from the Field. But how much a more moving and tender Picture is This in *Virgil* ? A Wife does not go out here to meet a Husband return'd safe from the Dangers of the Battel : but throws herself at his Feet, in Tears and Agonies, to intercept his going out to certain Death. The common Pledge of their Loves is not brought coldly in a Servant's Arms, but held out to the Father by his despairing Wife ; to put him in Mind whom he is going to leave destitute and helpless. 'Tis true, indeed, *Andromache* says Something to *Hector* about the fatal Consequences, that must some time attend his Intrepidity ; from which,

'tis possible, our Poet might have shadow'd what *Creusa* says to *Aeneas*.

Δαίμονι, φθίσει σὲ τὸ σὸν μὲν Θ, εἰδ' ἐλεαίρεις
 Παιδὰ τε νηπίαχον, καὶ ἐμ' ἄμμορον, ἢ τάχα χήρη
 Σεῦ ἔσομαι τάχα γὰρ σε καλὰ λανέουσιν Ἀχαιοί,
 Πάντες ἐφορμηθέντες. II. ζ. v. 407, &c.

Too daring Prince ! ah ! whither dost thou run ?
 Ah ! too forgetful of thy Wife and Son !
 And think'st thou not how wretched We shall be,
 A Widow I, an helpless Orphan he ?
 For, sure, such Courage Length of Life denies,
 And Thou must fall, thy Virtue's Sacrifice.
 Greece in her single Heroes strove in vain ;
 Now Hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain.

Mr. Pope.

[^m Sudden, a lambent Flame] This unctuous Vapour of seeming Fire, whenever it either circled

With gentle Touch amidst his Locks it stray'd,
 And, harmless, round his flaming Temples play'd.
 The sacred Blaze, transfix'd with shudd'ring Fear,
 We strive to quench, or shake it from the Hair.

But old ANCHISES, joyful, lifts his Eyes,
 With Voice and Hands extended, to the Skies:
 And, Oh! All-pow'rful JOVE! if suppliant Pray'r,
 Or pious Acts incline thy gracious Ear;
 This once with Favour, Heav'nly Sire! look down:
 And send thy Succour, and these Omens crown.

Scarce

circled in, or blaz'd over, the Head of any Person, was always look'd upon as a Prefage of Dignity, or Something remarkable that should crown the Character of the Party so distinguish'd. Several Commentators think, *Virgil* was here alluding to an old historical Tradition concerning *Servius Tullius*; to whom, being a Boy, whilst he slept, the same Thing happen'd, which is here reported of *Ascanius*: A harmless Fire seiz'd on his Hair, and so continued till he awak'd, which portended Rule and Empire. I own, our Poet very frequently alludes to latent Points of History; and I observe besides, that he often couches a secret Compliment, when he is displaying his Learning and Knowledge in Customs and Ceremonials. I may be mistaken, perhaps, in a Suspicion that I am about to advance: for, in my Opinion, *Virgil* had no such remote Tradition in View. Why might not he rather be paying a tacit Compliment to his royal Patron, *Augustus*? 'Tis recorded by *Suetonius*, *Velleius Paterculus*, *Seneca*, and Others, that on the Day when *Augustus*, then *Octavius Cæsar*, return'd from *Apollonia*, where he had been pursuing his Studies, to *Rome*, a Circle of Light, resembling a Rainbow, appear'd all round the Body of the Sun; which Light, being reflected down on *Octavius's* Head, encompass'd his Temples like a Crown. *Dion Cassius*, indeed, interpreted this Phænomenon as a Sign of the Commotions, that should succeed in the Empire; and not as a Prefage of *Octavius's* Gran-

deur. But if *Virgil* may be supposed to have alluded to this Prognostick, with how fine an Address did he introduce it, at a Time, when *Augustus* had got the better of Civil Commotions, and was established in the Height of Grandeur, as well as Tranquillity.

n Or pious Acts incline thy gracious Ear;] It is in the Original, *si Pietate meremur*: And, as one of the Commentators has observed upon a Passage in the first Book of the *Æneid*, *Virgil* has through his Work almost confin'd the Word *Piety* to *Æneas*, and his Family. It is very well known, that the *Roman* Emperors were fond of embracing the Sirname of *Pius*: but I must observe by the way, that this was not till after *Virgil's* Time; for *Tiberius* and *Caligula* were the vain Men, who first suffer'd themselves to be thus saluted, if we may credit *Suetonius*: So that our Poet could not in Compliment to *Augustus* affix this Title to his Hero, without a Gift of Prophecy. Let us look a little further then for the Reason, why this Epithet was so signally appropriated to *Æneas*. *Xenophon*, and *Ælian*, in his *Various History*, seem to have touch'd the true Cause; his having sav'd the Images of his Country Gods, and borne his decrepit Father on his Shoulders through the burning City; in Preference to any Thing else which he might, by Indulgence of the Conquerors, have carried away with him. The Piety of *Æneas* in this Point, and the Concession of the *Greeks* to him upon his Departure, are

Scarce had he finish'd, when, athwart the Pole,
 ° Full from the Left, auspicious Thunders roll;
 And, streaming with a Trail of golden Light,
 A Star, down-gliding thro' the Gloom of Night,
 Blaz'd o'er our Dome; thence, where broad IDA lay,
 Swift shot along, and mark'd the radiant Way:
 There the brown Groves with beamy Lustre crown'd;
 And, fading, shed ethereal Sulphur round.
 My Sire, convinc'd, the sacred Lamp adores,
 Looks up with Transport, and the Gods implores.
 " Glad I submit; now, now, there's no Delay;
 " I follow gladly, where You lead the Way.

" Ye

are both hinted at by Ovid. Metam. Lib. XIII. v. 624.

————— *Sacra & sacra altera Patrem
 Fert humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius Heros.
 De tantis opibus prædam pius eligit illam.*

*His sacred Gods, and second sacred Freight,
 The Cythereian Hero bears elate;
 Beneath the darling, venerable, Load
 Athwart his Shoulders, with his Sire he strode;
 The well-lov'd Treasure fills his pious Mind,
 And for that Spoil is all Troy's Wealth resign'd.*

Victor, who wrote a small Tract on the Origin of the Roman Nation, has described this Action of Æneas with much Strength and Delicacy. *Cum præ se Deos Penates, patrémq; Anchisen humeris gestans, necnon & parvulum filium manu trahens, noctu excederet, ortâ luce cognitus ab hostibus, eo quod tantâ onustus Pietatis sarcinâ erat, non modò a nullò interpellatus, sed etiam a Rege Agamemnone, quò vellet, ire permissus.* On the same pious Account, the two Youths of Catana, who (many Ages after) upon an Eruption of Mount Ætna, when the liquid Fire ran down towards their Dwelling, neglecting all their Goods and Treasure, took their aged Parents in their Arms, and rescued them from the Flames, ob-

tained the Title of *Pii Fratres*: and the very Place was signalized with the Name of *Ἑυσκόον χωμα*, or *Piorum Campus*, as *Solinus* calls it. I must not forget with regard to our Hero, that *Julius Cæsar*, who was fond of being reputed to descend from him, had a Coin struck with the Effigies of Æneas bearing his Father on his left Shoulder, and a *Palladium* in his right Hand, with this Inscription, *CÆSAR*. The Imprefs tacitly hints at Cæsar's Approbation of so pious an Action. I will only add, in Justification of our Author, as the Place has been the Butt of so much modern Criticism, that I am not surprized, he should make his Hero say of himself, *Sum pius Æneas*: since, as *Servius* with much Judgment hints, it is not done out of Arrogance, but for Information-sake. And Æneas is here desirous not only of letting *Venus*, whom he meets in the Disguise of a Sylvan Nymph, know, who he is; but of recommending himself to her Favour at the same Time by the Merit of his Piety, in rescuing his Household Gods from the Profanation of the Enemy: — *raptos qui ex hoste Penates Classe veho mecum.*

o Full from the Left,] The Original is, *Intonuit lævum*: which, as *Fulvius Ursinus* observes, our Poet seems to have borrow'd from *Ennius*, 1^{mo}. *Annalium*;

L

Quom

" Ye DARDAN Gods, let young IULUS share,
 " And all our destin'd Race, your Guardian Care !
 " Yours are these Omens ; and the TROJAN State
 " Must fail, or flourish, as you fix her Fate.
 " Convinc'd, I yield ; and, O my Son ! no more
 " Refuse with you to seek the destin'd Shore.

He spoke ; And now a louder Roaring came
 From off the Walls, and nearer rolls the Flame.
 P O my dear Father ! then these Shoulders freight ;
 I'll bear you, nor be burthen'd by the Weight.
 In all Events, whate'er our Fates decree,
 To Both one Danger, and one Safety be !

The

Quom tonuit lævum benè tempestate serenâ.

And tho' the Translation of this Circumstance could not easily admit of a poetical Embellishment, I thought myself, however, obliged not to drop the Notice of it, for two Reasons. *Virgil*, in this Passage, keeps up strictly to the Terms and Rules of Divination : And he has made his Hero, tho' then in *Troy*, adopt Rites in the manner as they were afterwards practis'd by the *Romans* ; who esteem'd all Thunder and Coruscations of Lightning, on the left hand, to be auspicious : The *Greeks*, on the contrary, concluded them Omens of bad Success. The Reason of this Difference in Opinion is thus to be accounted for. Omens from the East were deem'd fortunate by the *Greeks*, *Romans*, and all other Nations ; because the Beginning of the Celestial Motions was in the Oriental Parts of the World. The *Grecian* Augurs, when they made their Observations, kept their Faces to the North, so always had the East on their right hand : And hence all Prefages to Them from that hand were construed to be lucky. The *Romans*, who made their Observations with their Faces towards the South, had consequently the East on their left hand : And therefore all Prefages to Them, *vice versâ*, from the left hand, were

interpreted to be auspicious. *Festus*, from *Varro*, is very express to this Purpose. *A Deorum Sede cum in Meridiem spectes, ad Sinistram sunt Partes mundi exorientes, ad Dextram occidentes : unde factum arbitror, ut Sinistra, meliora Auspicia, quam Dextra, esse existimentur.* If therefore *Virgil*, or the other Latin Poets, as *Dr. Potter* has accurately observ'd, do sometimes call unlucky Things, *sinistra* & *læva*, they then speak *Græco more* : as, on the contrary, *Stattius*, when he says, in his *Thebais*, *Signa feras, lævumq; tones,* — tho' the Business in hand concern'd the *Greeks*, expresses himself according to the Superstition of the *Romans*.

p O my dear Father ! then these Shoulders freight ;] It might be ask'd, as *Æneas* was a Prince, and had a large Train of Attendants and Followers, why old *Anchises* might not as well have been convey'd to the Sea-shore by the Servants, as on his Son's Shoulders. But a good many Circumstances may be urg'd in Reply to such a Question. In the first Place, the Simplicity of those Times set this Action in another Light, than what it would appear in at this Time of Day. The Piety of *Æneas* is aggrandized by it ; as he would not trust so dear a Charge as his Father, in that perillous Night, to the Care of Friends or Dependants.

Again,

The Child to mine shall join his infant Pace,

q My Wife our Steps, at Distance safer, trace.

Without the Town, an antient Fane is rear'd,
(My Words, ye Servants! with Regard be heard!)

Sacred to CERES, on a rising Ground,
With venerable Cypress shaded round :

By our august Forefathers' pious Care,
Religiously preserv'd for many a Year.

Thither our Steps we'll bend, thro' diff'rent Roads :

Guard you, my Sire! the Rites and Household Gods.

r Recent from Slaughter, and distain'd with War,

In me 'twere Sacrilege those Gods to bear ;

Till first the living Stream shall cleanse the Guilt,

And wash me from the Blood in Battle spilt.

This

Again, *Anchises* bears the Household Gods with him ; and as they were committed to *Æneas's* Care, and were appointed to attend him in his Travels, it was incumbent on him not to trust them out of his Custody. Besides, had the old Gentleman been convey'd down to the Sea in Pomp, and with a numerous Retinue, he had been much more liable to the Attacks of the Enemy. And it is for this Reason, with Regard to their common Safety, that *Æneas* orders his Friends and Train to disperse themselves, to take different Routs, and meet at one common Place of Rendezvous.

q *My Wife our Steps, at Distance safer, trace.* *Et longè servet vestigia conjux*, says the Original. *Servius*, in one of his Comments, tells us, that *longè* must mean *valdè*: i. e. " Let " my Wife be very circumspect in marking " which Way we go, and in tracing our " Steps." (And *Nonius Marcellus* amasses a good many Testimonies of its being used in that Signification.) But, in a subsequent Note, he seems

to think, that *longè* may take in the Idea of Distance ; and that *Æneas* giving her Orders not to follow too close, is a Piece of previous Economy in the Poet, that there might be Room and Probability for her being lost. *Mon-sieur de Segrais* very ingeniously observes upon the Address of *Virgil* in the Contrivance of this Incident. For had not *Æneas* been suppos'd to traverse back through the Ruins of *Troy* in Quest of his Wife, we must necessarily have lost the Narrative of many Things, that happen'd in that dreadful Night, which he neither could have seen, nor had any Knowledge of: as, the pillaging of the Palaces and Temples, the Number of *Trojans* that were made Captives, and the very Burning of his own House.

r *Recent from Slaughter,*] With the same religious Fear of offending the Gods, *Hector* refuses to make an Oblation to *Jove*, when he returns from the Field, polluted with Slaughter.

This said, I with a Lion's Hide invest
 My spacious Shoulders, and my ample Chest.
 Fond of its Freight, my willing Body bends,
 Whilst the good Sire across my Neck ascends.
 Lock'd in my Hand, IULUS clos'd my Side ;
 And trips unequal to his Father's Stride.
 My Wife at Distance tracks our Steps behind :
 Thro' devious Paths a darkling Course we wind.
 And I, who late, insensible of Dread,
 Heard the swift Javelin whistle round my Head,
 And saw, unmov'd, the hostile GRECIANS swarm,
 Start now at ev'ry Breeze, and catch a Sound's Alarm:
 Anxious, and tortur'd with a double Fear,
 Alike for Him I lead, and Him I bear.

Near

Χερσὶ δ' ἀνέπλοισιν Διὶ λείσαν αἰθοπα δῖον
 Ἀζομαι· ἔδ' ἐπὶ κελαινεφέϊ Κρονίωνι
 Αἵματι καὶ λυθρῷ πεπαλαγμένον ἐνχευάσθαι.
 Il. ζ. v. 266, &c.

By me that holy Office were profan'd ;
 Ill fits it me, with human Gore distain'd,
 To the pure Skies these horrid Hands to raise,
 Or offer Heav'n's great Sire polluted Praise.

Mr. Pope.

Fulvius Ursinus quotes this Passage of Homer, as One from which our Poet has copied what Æneas says on the Subject. However, all Countries and all Times have so agreed in the Pollution either from Blood forcibly shed, or from the Touch of a dead Body, that Virgil might very well speak from receiv'd Opinion, and not from Imitation. Briffonius, de Formulis, and Feithius, in his Antiquitates Homericæ, are copious upon the Forms and Customs of Lustrations both of Persons and Houses polluted.

[Start now at ev'ry Breeze,] The Effects of Fear are almost the same in every Case, tho'

the Motives of it may be very different. *Macbeth*, in *Shakespeare*, confesses the same Alarms from a Consciousness of Guilt, as Æneas does here out of a pious Concern for his Father's Safety.

How is it with me, when ev'ry Noise appalls me !
 Virgil, as Fulvius Ursinus observes, has taken his Hint from this Verse of *Sophocles*.

* Ἀπάντα δὲ τοι τῷ φοβερμένῳ φόβῳ.

Each Sound is an Alarm to him that fears.

Turpilius too, in his Comedy, call'd, *Leucadia*, seems to have ingrafted upon the Greek Poet.

Miseram terrent me omnia, maris Sonitus,
 Scopuli, Solitudo, Sanctitudo Apollinis.

Every Thing frights me poor miserable Woman, the Roaring of the Sea, the Rocks, and the Solitude, and the Awfulness of Apollo's Godhead.

I'll observe by the way, that the Verses in the Original

Near to the City-Gates we drew at last,
 And thought each Danger of the Way o'erpass'd :
 When frequent Sounds of trampling Feet invade
 Our Ears ; and, looking forward thro' the Shade,
 O ! cries my Father, fly ! they come ! Son ! fly !
 Their burnish'd Shields, and flaming Arms I spy.
 What God it was, unfriendly and unkind,
 I know not, that confus'd my erring Mind :
 But, whilst thro' Glooms and Solitudes I stray,
 And trace by Choice the unfrequented Way,
 Alas ! CREUSA's lost : nor could I tell,
 Whether by cruel Destiny she fell,
 Or wander'd wide, or weary sat her down :
 ' But to these Eyes no longer was She known.
 Nor once my Doubts the dear-lov'd Object fought,
 Nor once reflected I that Chance in Thought,

Till

Original of this Comick Poet are Sufferers by the Inaccuracy of the Editors. 'Tis plain, they should be *Iambicks* ; but Both of them are dismounted from their Metre. And yet how easily are they to be restored to their right Feet !

*Miseram terrent me omnia, maris Sonitus, Scopuli,
 Et Solitudo, & Sanctitudo Apollinis.*

Nothing is more common with Editors, than to transcribe, and pass, every Passage as they find it, without the least Trouble of Examination. It calls to my Mind another Fragment from the *Medæa* of *Ennius*, where the Verses are as evidently *Iambicks*, and yet the Second of them is suffer'd to run out to seven Feet in the printed Editions.

*Non memoro, quod Draconis sopivi impetum ;
 Non, quod [viros] domavi & segetis armatae
 manus.*

Medæa is undoubtedly reproaching *Jason* with

what she had done for him, thro' the Power of her Magical Talents. I omit to translate them, because they are only produc'd to ascertain their Numbers. Neither *Gerard Vossius*, nor *Scriverius*, take the least Notice of the Redundancy in the last Verse. The Word, which I have included in Crotchets, undoubtedly, ought to be thrown out, both as an Embarrassment to the Sense and Metre. I am convinced, it was either the marginal Gloss of some Learned Man, who meant by it to explain *Segetis armatae manus* : or it was a various Reading in some of the Copies, which substituted *Viros* instead of *Manus*, as the more intelligible Term. Five hundred Faults, especially in the Fragments of the old Stage-Poets, might equally be cured by a little Care and Examination.

t But to these Eyes no longer was She known.] There is no Inconsistency in our Poet, as *Servius* remarks, upon this Head. *Æneas* never saw

Till to th' Ascent of CERES' antient Dome,
 The sacred and appointed Seats, we come.
 All else arrive, her Household, Husband, Son :
 Her Absence 'tis, deceives our Hopes alone.
 What Man, what God, with raging Frenzy tost,
 Did I not tax with dear CREUSA lost ?
 Or what Disaster, 'midst our TROY o'turn'd,
 Saw I more dreadful, or more deeply mourn'd ?
 Secreted in a Vale, whose Hollow lends
 A curv'd Recess, intrusted to my Friends,
 My Household Gods I leave, and Sire, and Son ;
 And, sheath'd in shining Armour, back I run :
 Bent to renew each Peril, TROY t'explore,
 And risque the Fury of the GREEKS once more.

First to the Walls, and Gate thro' which I past,
 O'ershadow'd by the circling Gloom, I hast :

My

saw her afterwards ; he only saw an Apparition of her. I have already quoted a beautiful Criticism of *Monsieur de Segrain* upon the Poet's Art with regard to *Creusa's* being lost. I'll take this Opportunity of extracting from him a very just Defence of our Author from an unreasonable Cavil. Some had imputed it as a Fault, it seems, to *Aeneas*, that he took no more Care of his Wife : But *Aeneas* charges himself with the Care of his old Father, and infant Son, as the most weak and helpless Persons ; and he cautions his Wife to follow him, so as neither to be at his Heels, nor yet to quit Sight of him ; that their Flight might be the more easily disguised, and that he might the more easily succour her upon Occasion. She is lost, because he could not foresee the Misfortune ; nor look behind him, incumber'd

as he was with his Father on his Shoulders. *Virgil* has taken Care to prevent the Objection, by that great Judgment, which he shews upon every Emergency. It cannot be inferr'd, that *Aeneas* preferr'd his Father to his Wife, thro' a Want of Affection to her : That is answer'd by the great Care which he takes to recover her ; and the great Dangers, which he runs thro', to that End. It is, besides, a fine Stroke of Art in the Poet to make her say, That her Loss, or Death, is not without the Appointment of the Gods. It was destin'd to *Aeneas*, to go to *Italy*, and there to marry *Lavinia* : (for by this Alliance the *Romans* were to descend from the *Trojans* :) and therefore if *Creusa* had not been properly disposed of, she must of Consequence have been a Bar to that Match.

My former Steps observant trace, and spy
Thro' ev'ry Quarter with a searching Eye.
Repeated Horrors ev'ry where affright ;
And dreadful's ev'n the Silence of the Night.
Thence Home, if haply she had wander'd there,
She haply there had wander'd, I repair.

" But plund'ring GREEKS had fill'd each spacious Room,
And eager Fires the high-raisd Roofs consume.
Driv'n by the Winds, the curling Flames arise,
And the hot Tempest roars along the Skies.

To PRIAM'S Palace next I bend my Way,
The ruin'd Dome, and mould'ring Tow'r survey :
* Where, in the ample Isles of JUNO's Fane,
The dire ULYSSES, so the Lots ordain,

And

^u But plund'ring GREEKS had fill'd each spacious Room,] Virgil every where takes Pains to inculcate Sentiments of Piety, and that Confidence, which we ought to repose in the protective Power of the Gods. This is not always done by a moral Maxim, that lays down the Law of Instruction in direct and open Terms ; but, by comparing one Passage with another, we may find, that he leaves Room for Imagination to work ; and so strikes us the more powerfully from the Force of our own Discoveries. It will always be acknowledged one of the chief Arts of a Poet, as well as of an Orator, to conceal his Art. The Passage before us seems to me a fair Evidence of that Doctrine, which I have above hinted at, being thus tacitly enforced. Venus, we may remember, had before told her Son, that unless her Providence had interposed, the Flames would have e'er then devour'd his Palace, and the Sword his Family :

Et, ni mea cura resistat,
Jam flammæ tulerint, inimicus & hauserit ensis.

She had promised him the Continuance of her Protection ; *Nusquam abero*, &c. Accordingly, the Foe does not invade Anchises's Palace, till Æneas and the whole Family are got off in Safety. The Goddess's Care was no farther useful, to preserve a Pile, to which her Son was never to return. Her Protection was sufficiently accomplish'd, in conducting his Family safe, before Danger could reach them.

^x Where, in the ample Isles of JUNO's Fane,] Servius remarks, that the Greeks lodged all their Spoils and Captives in the Temple of Juno, because it was an Azylum, or Sanctuary, and therefore safe against either Murther or Robbery. Perhaps, Ogilby may have given as good a Reason for what our Poet here mentions ; that it was according to the Military Custom of gathering all the Prey together into one Place ; by which the Victor pleas'd the Soldiers with the Sight of what their Labours had compassed.

And PHOENIX guard the Spoil: where, piled on high,
 In shining Heaps, the TROJAN Treasures lie,
 Snatch'd from the burning Shrines, their dread Abodes;
 Goblets of Gold, and Tables of the Gods,
 And ravag'd Robes. Around, a num'rous Band,
 The captive Youths, and trembling Matrons, stand.
 With clam'rous Voice, embolden'd by Despair,
 I fill the dusky Streets, and echoing Air:
^y In frequent Calls CREUSA's Name rebounds;
 But no CREUSA answers to my Sounds.
 Thus as I mourn'd, and with incessant Pain
 Search'd ev'ry Dome, and travers'd ev'ry Lane;
 Before me stood, far larger than the Life,
^z The hapless Form, and MANES of my Wife.

My

^y *In frequent Calls CREUSA's Name rebounds;*]
 The Distress of Æneas, in this perillous Incident,
 furnishes out a fine Picture of Terror. Love
 gets the better here, as it does in most Cases,
 of Prudence; and prompts Æneas to a Course,
 that might have been attended with his certain
 Destruction. I cannot so well expatiate on my
 own Thoughts, as in the Words of the great
 SCALIGER. *Profecto, me horror capit, atq; eti-*
am quatit, ubi videre atq; audire videor, in no-
ste, inter hostes, fortem simul, atq; pium Virum,
etiam clamore, carissimam uxorem quærere. "I
 " protest, says he, Horror seizes me, and makes
 " me even tremble, when I fancy to myself,
 " that I see and hear as well a brave, as a
 " pious, Man, in the Midst of Night, and in
 " the Midst of Enemies, seeking after a dear-
 " beloved Wife, and venturing even to call a-
 " loud for her.

^x *The hapless Form, and MANES of my Wife.*]
 The Apparition of Creusa to her Husband, as
 the ingenious Monsieur de Segrais has observ'd,
 would have been but of little Consequence,

were it only to report what was become of
 herself: But, as the Dead ought to be more en-
 lighten'd than the Living, she is indued with a
 Gift of Prophecy, or Foreknowledge, and opens
 to him a Part of his Destiny. *Servius* has
 clearly alluded to this Opinion, in his Com-
 ment upon the Beginning of *Creusa's* Speech.
Consolatio est: sequitur etiam Divinatio, quæ ani-
mis liberatis corpore conceditur. Unde etiam mo-
rientibus datur. " Her Address begins consola-
 " tory; then follows a Divination, which is
 " granted to Spirits once disengag'd from the
 " Body. From whence it is also allow'd to
 " Persons upon the Point of Dying." This
 latter Opinion is finely touch'd by *Dryden* and
Lee, in their Tragedy of the *Duke of Guise*:
For Souls, just quitting Earth, peep into Heaven,
Make swift Acquaintance with their kindred
Forms,

And Partners of immortal Secrets grow.

I cannot help subjoining an Observation, which
 we owe to the accurate Delicacy of *Monsieur*
de Segrais. " Æneas, says he, relating this
 " Prophecy

My Hair with Horror rose ; my falt'ring Tongue,
Mute with Amazement, to my Palate clung :
When thus the Shade my sinking Spirits cheers,
And breaths the Voice of Comfort to my Cares.

Why, my dear Lord ! indulge you thus in vain
A mighty Woe ? These Things the Gods ordain.
Nor is it in your Lot, that you should bear
CREUSA hence, your future Fate to share.
That Pleasure to our Loves great JOVE denies ;
He, the Imperial Ruler of the Skies.
Long Exile, and a Wast of Sea remains :
At length you'll reach the fair HESPERIAN Plains.
Where LYDIAN TIBER thro' the fertile Soil
Flows smooth along : There Joys shall crown your Toil ;
A glorious Empire, ^a and a royal Bride :
Then be thy Tears for lov'd CREUSA dry'd.

^b No

“ Prophecy of his Wife to *Dido*, thereby in-
“ forms her, that he was reserv'd by Destiny
“ for the Bed of *Lavinia* ; and so inforces the
“ Reasons of his Obligation to quit *Carthage*.”
Dido therefore betrays herself by an indiscreet
Passion, and is not betray'd by any Perfidy of
Æneas.

^a ——— and a royal Bride :] *Servius*
has a short Note upon this Passage, which, if I
take his Meaning at all, ought to be closed with
an Interrogation-Point. *Cur ergo Æneas horum*
non meminit, & confidit in Thraciâ, & aliis locis ?
There seems to be a latent Sarcastm on the Con-
duct of *Virgil*, in this Question. *Creusa* is very

express, that her Husband was destin'd to obtain
a Kingdom, and Wife in *Italy*. “ How comes
“ he not to remember This (the Commenta-
“ tor would infer) but stays to build a Town
“ in *Thrace*, and afterwards is for fixing his
“ Residence in *Crete* ? ” I own, I am not pre-
par'd in a satisfactory Answer, for our Author.
One may say, however, Navigation in *Æne-*
as's Time was in a manner in its Infancy ;
he did not know at all where *Italy* lay ; fe-
veral Incidents concurr'd to make his Destiny
obscure to him ; and he was willing rather to
be determined by the Oracle, than to rely
wholly on the Word of a Ghost.

M

^b No Servitude on me Dishonour flings,
 Ally'd to VENUS, sprung from DARDAN Kings:
 No haughty Victor can these Hands constrain,
 'Midst ARGIVE Dames, to drag the captive Chain:
 Safe from their Pow'r, in these more blest Abodes,
 Kept by the mighty Mother of the Gods.
 And now, farewell! a Mother's Loss repair,
^c And make our common Son thy single Care.

This said, she melted instant to the Wind,
 And left me to a Flood of Tears resign'd;
 Whilst from my sad, o'er-burthen'd, Heart I strove
 To breath the tend'rest Sentiments of Love.

^d Thrice I to clasp her well-known Form essay'd;
 Thrice from my Arms the empty Phantom fled,

Like

^b *No Servitude on me Dishonour flings,*] I'll venture to observe here upon the Art of the Poet, because None of the Commentators, as I can find, have anticipated me in it. He not only makes *Creusa* say many Things of Consolation to her Husband; but with what Care does he preserve and keep up the Dignity of *Aeneas's* House! She, who was the Daughter of *Priam*, and Daughter-in-Law to a Goddess by her Marriage with *Aeneas*, must not be subjected to the Ignominy of Captivity, or forced to the Bed of a despotic Victor. It is not clear, whether in Fact she was reserved as a Priestess to *Cybele*, or whether she was dead. If the Latter, how allegorically is it couch'd, and so as not to wound abruptly the Ears of a tender Husband! *Cybele*, 'tis well known, was not only the Mother-Goddess, but Mother Earth; so that being detain'd by her, might signify, That she was free from all future mortal Casualties, and should find a Grave in her native Earth.

^c *And make our common Son thy single Care.*] This Recommendation of her Son to his Father's Love and Care is very affectionate and tender in *Creusa*: and this last Request was the more necessary, as she knew her Husband was destin'd to take a Second Wife, and to have a new Brood of Children. *Fulvius Ursinus* has not mark'd any Imitation made by our Poet, in this Passage. *Alceste*, in the Tragedy of *Euripides*, which bears that Name, upon the Point of Death, recommends her Children, just in the same Manner, to her Husband *Admetus*.

——— Παιδάς χερσὶ ἐξ ἐμῆς δέχε-
 σθ' ὡς ἂν τοῖς δ' ἀντ' ἐμὲ μῆτρ' τέκνοισι.

v. 375.

——— Thy Children from my Hand receive;
 And be a Mother to them in my Stead.

^d *Thrice I to clasp her well-known Form essay'd;*] This, as *Macrobius* and *Fulvius Ursinus* have

Like Winds, or flitting Dreams. Thus spent the Night,
I join the sad Companions of my Flight.

There, with Surprize, I find a num'rous Train
Of new Associates gather'd on the Plain :
Men, Matrons, Youths (a wretched, mournful Herd!)
Flocking in Crouds, for Banishment prepar'd.
With Minds resolv'd, and all their Wealth, they come,
O'er Seas to follow, till I fix their Home.

And now from IDA's Top his orient Ray
Bright LUCIFER advanc'd, and led the Day.
The GRECIANS Masters of the Gates remain,
And ev'ry Pass: All Hopes of Aid are vain.

Yielding

have Both observed, is literally copied from Homer, where Ulysses attempts to embrace the Ghost of his Mother.

Τεῖς μὲν ἐφωρμύθλω, ἐλέην τέ με θυμὸς ἀνωγε,
Τεῖς δ' ἐ μοι ἐκ χειρῶν, σκίῃ ἄκελον, ἢ καὶ ὄνειρῳ,
"Ἐπ[α]. Od. λ. v. 204, &c.

Thrice in my Arms I strove her Shade to bind,
Thrice thro' my Arms she slipt, like empty
Wind,
Or Dreams, the vain Illusions of the Mind.

Mr. Pope.

e And now from IDA's Top] This, says Servius, is spoken according to the Persuasion of Those, who, living near Mountains, think the Stars rise and set there, from whence they either begin or cease to be seen. I rather think, with Fulvius Ursinus, and Germanus, that our Poet had the Passage of Lucretius in his Eye, concerning the remarkable Rise of the Sun from Mount Ida.

Aut quia conveniunt ignes, & semina multa
Confluere ardoris consueverunt tempore certo,
Quæ faciunt Solis nova semper lumina gigni.
Quod genus Idæis fama est è montibus altis
Dispersos igneis orienti lumine cerni:
Inde coire globum quasi in unum, & conficere
orbem. Lib. V. v. 659, &c.

Or else because the Fires, dissolv'd at Night,
There join again, and scatter vig'rous Light.
Thus when the Morning Sun begins to rise,
Its Flames lie scatter'd o'er the Eastern Skies,
Then gather to a Ball; and This we view
From Ida's Top, This Fame reports as true.

Mr. Creech.

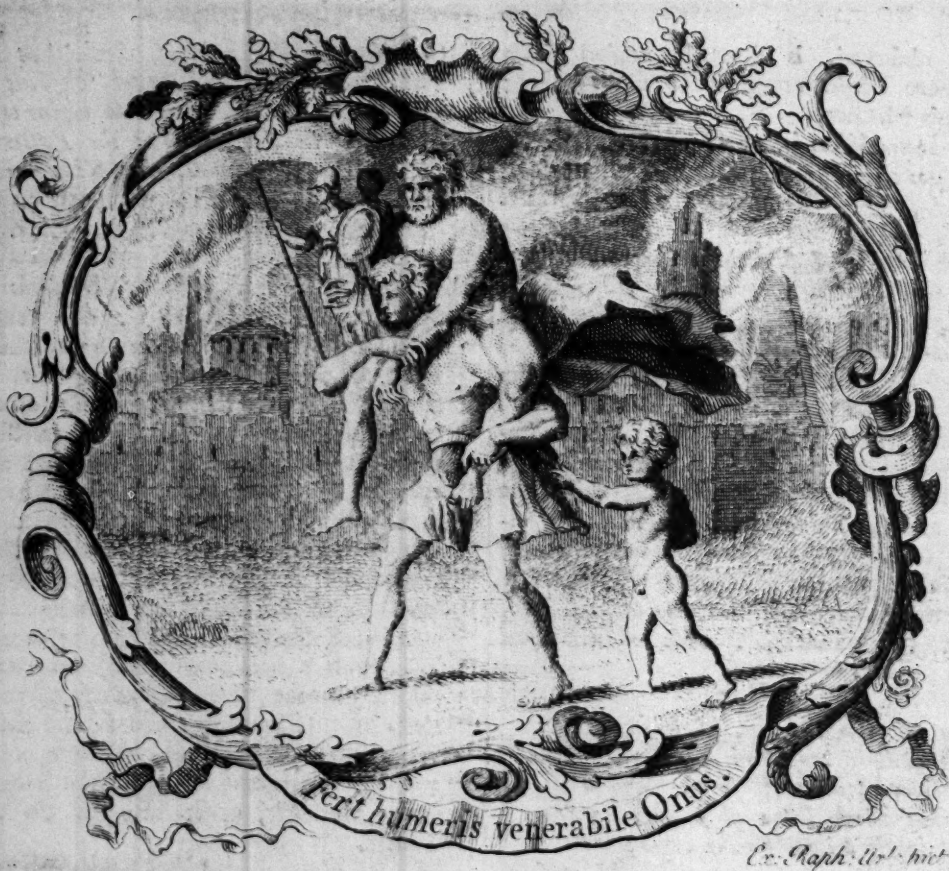
This is farther explain'd by Diodorus Siculus, B. XVII. ch. 1. "A Thing also very wonderful and remarkable is ascribed to this Place: "For, at the rising of the Dog-Star, there is "such a Serenity and Calmness of the Air "upon the Top of the Mount, as if it were "there above all Storms and Winds: and then "even at Midnight the Sun seems to rise, so "as that its Rays appear not in a circular "Form, but casts abroad Flames of Fire here "and there at a great Distance; so that it "seems as if Flakes of Fire in several Places "overspread the Earth: which within a little "While after are contracted into one Body, "till they come to the Quantity of three Ple- "thras (or, Three hundred Foot.) At length, "when Day is at hand, there appears as it "were the compleat Body of the Sun enlight- "ening the Air, as it uses to do at other "Times.

Yielding to Fate, reluctant I retire ;

‘ And up the Mountain bear my helpless Sire.

[*f And up the Mountain bear my helpless Sire.*] There could not be a more proper Pause in Art or Nature, for the Division of *Æneas's* Narrative, than *Virgil* has made Use of. This Second Book contains all the Miseries of the last fatal Night of the War, to the Departure of *Æneas* from *Troy*. The subsequent Book takes in a Summary of his Adventures in his Voyage, to his being thrown on *Dido's* Coast. *Castelvetro*, a Critick of great Severity, tho' of great Learning, has impeach'd *Virgil* of a wrong Conduct in making a Division at all ; and in following the Example of *Homer*, who divides *Ulysses's* Narrative to *Alcinous* into four Books. *Il quale è stato seguito da Virgilio, che non sapendo perche, & guardando semplicemente all' Essemplio, che havendo davanti credeva buono, divide la Narratione d' Enea appresso Didone de suoi Errori in due Libri, non ostante che fosse fatta in una fiata in una sera.* “ This,” says he, was practis'd afterwards by *Virgil*, “ who not knowing for why, but simply regarding Example, which having before his

“ Eyes he thought to be good, has divided the “ Narrative before *Dido* of *Æneas's* Travels “ into two Books, notwithstanding it was made “ all at once, and in one Evening.” Sure, this *Italian* is both too rigid, and unreflecting in this Assertion. Besides the necessary Rest to the Readers in a Matter of so much Length, (for *Æneas* delivers no less than upwards of eight hundred Hexameters in this Second Book ; which, emphatically pronounced, will fill up the Space of some Hours :) The Poet tells us, at the Close of the First Book, that *Dido*, after her Entertainment, spun out the Night in a Number of Enquiries, about *Priam*, and *Hector*, *Memnon*, *Diomedes*, and *Achilles*. These were Points, that could not be solved under some Space of Time : after this, she demands a formal Process of the Destruction of *Troy* : When he begins it, we find it was upon the Verge of Morning : *suadentq; cadentia Sidera Somnos* : How then could the Substance of the two Books be absolv'd in a single Conversation ?



Ex. Raph. del. hinc

